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# FABLES

AND

## SATIRES,

WITH

A PREFACE ON THE ESOPPEAN FABLE.

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BY

SIR BROOKE BOOTHBY, BART.

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## PREFACE.

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THE reputation of the Esopean fable has been so long established, that an attempt to present it in a less ungracious form than it has hitherto assumed in English, requires no apology. The worse than mediocrity of the collection of Esop's fables in our language has encouraged, with much diffidence, the publication of the following volumes.

As the learned, however, have differed much, on various circumstances relating to this species of composition, I have here put together, by way of preface, such of their notices and observations as have appeared to me most worthy of attention.

In their disputes regarding the comparative merit of the short simple manner of Phedrus, and the ornamented style of Lafontaine, they do not seem to have considered that the *genus* is to be divided into two very distinct *species* at least: one calculated to impress an elementary maxim, for vulgar application; the other, to engage persons of cultivated intellect, by the ingenious ex-

emplification of more refined and recondite moralities :—one to strike by force ; the other to insinuate itself by address. The Abbé Brotier, the best editor of Phedrus, and Lafontaine himself, perceived that these manners were uniformly different ; but considered this difference merely as a matter of taste. “ They, (Phedrus and Lafontaine,)” says Brotier, “ were the glory of their age. Each had his original character. In Phedrus, you have the severity and elegance of the Roman taste ; in Lafontaine, the gaiety natural to French vivacity. If nothing could be added to the former, there is nothing one would wish to retrench from the latter\*.” And Lafontaine says of his own fables, whether with real or affected modesty, “ You will not find in them the elegance and extreme brevity for which Phedrus is so admirable. These qualities are beyond my reach. As I could not imitate him in these, I have endeavoured, in recompence, to give a more lively turn to my work. Not that I blame his gravity, suitable to the Latin language. The character of

\* Ils sont l'un et l'autre, la gloire de leur siècle. Chacun a son caractère original. On voit dans l'un le goût sévère et l'élégance Romaine ; et dans l'autre l'enjouement naturel à la gaieté Française. S'il n'y est rien qu'on puisse ajouter à Phédre, il n'y est rien qu'on veuille retrancher dans Lafontaine. (*Brotier, Preface to Phedrus.*)

his genius resembles that of Terence. The simplicity of these great men is sublime\*."

Thus, to regard two opposite styles as equally applicable to the same object, is an error into which these judicious writers would not have fallen, if they had considered the distinction between the two species ; the simplicity of Phedrus as proper for the one, and the ornamental style of Lafontaine for the other.

The Esopean fable may, I think, be defined, a maxim for the use of common life, exemplified in a short action, in which the inhabitants of the visible world are made the moral agents. The attributes appropriated to these actors easily become associated with the ideas of them ; and then their characteristic virtues and vices are presumed before they speak ; and courage or cowardice, wisdom or folly, innocence or cruelty, are presented, not in abstract terms, but in sensible images ; and

\* On ne trouvera pas ici l'élégance ni l'extrême brièveté qui rendent Phédre si recommandable ; ce sont qualités au-dessus de ma portée. Comme il m'étoit impossible de l'imiter en cela, j'ai cru qu'il falloit, en récompense, égayer l'ouvrage plus qu'il n'a fait. Non que je le blâme d'en être demeuré dans ces termes ; la langue Latine n'en demandoit pas davantage ; et si l'on y veut prendre garde, on reconnoitra dans cet auteur le vrai caractère et le vrai génie de Terence. La simplicité est magnifique chez ces grands hommes. (*Preface de Lafontaine.*)

what would have required a long and difficult explanation, is conveyed in a much more lively manner by a single appellative.

In natural order, instruction should precede practice. But the usual didactic methods presuppose an advancement in knowledge and understanding, which, if their lessons were not therefore unintelligible, would render them superfluous. Moral, as well as physical knowledge, must be acquired experimentally. Inexperienced minds comprehend neither the abstractions employed in the art of reasoning, nor the allusions to motives and sentiments which they have never felt. To talk to them in a language they do not comprehend, is to teach them to be satisfied with words instead of ideas ; a pseudo-knowledge, much worse than the ignorance it pretends to remove. Hence it is, that Quintilian, with his usual good sense, considers the Esopean fable as peculiarly adapted to the instruction of the simple and inexperienced\*.

The specific characters of this fable then, seem to be, 1. That it inculcate a plain maxim of prudence, or some other virtue : 2. That the action be such as the moral necessarily results from, so

\* *Ducere animos solent præcipuè rusticorum et imperitorum : qui ut simplicius quæ ficta sunt, audiunt, et capti voluptate, facîle iis, quibus delectantur, consentiunt.*

that it cannot be mistaken ; 3. That the actors support the characters usually assigned to them :  
 / 4. That the action be short and simple, admitting no circumstance that does not necessarily belong to it : 5. That the language be simple and pure\* ; so that when the author, forgetting the measure of his auditors, becomes ambitious of captivating persons of refined taste, and represents his moral, not in action, but in reasoning or wit, the object of conveying an elementary lesson is so far lost sight of. In this he may be a poet, a satirist, a metaphysician ; but he ceases to be an Esopian fabulist.

Rousseau's objections to the use of fables for the instruction of youth seem also to have originated in the want of this distinction. " Fables," he says, " may amuse men, but the truth must be told to children†." But this is sophistical. For the question is not, whether the truth should be told to children, but whether the truth may not be usefully impressed upon their minds by well-invented fables ? " All children," he continues,

\* *Æsopi fabellæ, quæ fabulis nutricularum proximè succedunt, narrari sermone puro et nihil de supra modum extollenti, deinde eandem gracilitatem stylo exigere condiscunt. (Quint. L. 1. cc. 2, 9.)*

† Les fables peuvent amuser les hommes, mais il faut dire la vérité aux enfans.

“are taught Lafontaine, which not one of them understands. If they did, it would be still worse, for the moral of them is so mixed, and so disproportioned to their age, that it would lead them rather to vice than to virtue\*.” But all this may be allowed without touching the question. In his analysis of Lafontaine’s fable of the Fox and the Crow, the same confusion prevails. Speaking of the expression of the Fox, *sans mentir*, not to lie, he says, “So you teach your young scholar that people will sometimes lie? And, what is worse, that this expression is here employed precisely because he that makes use of it is at that moment lying very impudently?” But is there any thing more necessary to be early taught than that knaves and flatterers will lie and deceive? According to this, we are to abstain from giving lessons of prudence to children, at least as useful for the world they are to live in as lessons of fortitude and honour, and to secrete from them that there are such things as lying and deceit amongst men, for fear they should be taken with these engaging qualities! And granting that there is too much

\* On fait apprendre les fables de la Fontaine à tous les enfans, et il n’y en est pas un seul qui les entend. Quand ils les entendraient, ce seroit encore pis ; car la morale en est tellement mêlée et disproportionnée à leur âge, qu’elle les porteroit plus au vice qu’à la vertu. (*Emile*, L. xi.)

of art and *finesse* in these expressions of Lafontaine, they are neither necessary to the composition of this fable, nor are they to be found in that of Phedrus, from which it is taken. Of eighteen objections which Rousseau draws up in array against this celebrated fable of Lafontaine, the three following only are applicable to it as it stands in Phedrus: "1. That a child will not know what sort of cheese it is: 2. That to understand the irony of the Fox, it is necessary he should know what the voice of the crow really is: 3. That it is dangerous to represent the brute creation as speaking the human language."

Now, of these, the two first appear very frivolous; and the last decides upon the whole dispute in an arbitrary sentence, which, during his long investigation, he produces nothing to justify. On this point the authority of ages is against him, and surely with reason. Into what error does the supposition, that animals should converse by verbal signs, lead? It is such as the tenderest minds may easily admit. In this there is no deception, and therefore no falsity. By the same reasoning, a child should not be permitted to see a picture, a statue, or a looking-glass. Plutarch, after Plato\*, warns, very wisely, against telling children

\* De Republica, L. xi.



foolish tales, "de peur," in the *naïve* language of Amyot, "que leurs ames de ce commencement, ne s'abreuvent de folie et de mauvaises opinions." But he compares the introduction of truth into tender minds, by the medium of well-invented fables, to the twilight necessary to precede the glaring of the sun\*.

Rousseau's system is always to present to children the naked truth. But, as is usual with him, he would carry it to an impracticable extreme. If, for such an education, institutors could be found, or a language sufficiently clear and precise, their pupils would be formed for another world. As one motive for refusing to undertake the education of an hereditary Prince of Russia, Rousseau says, that it would have taught him to abdicate the throne. Would not that of his *Emile* lead to a renunciation of society? Such plans in morals and politics resemble the theories in mechanics, which do not calculate upon the *medium* where they are to act, and are therefore perpetually impeded by resistance not provided against. The social motives operate almost as invariably as those natural to the animal; and to teach one setting out in life constantly to run his head against them, is almost as absurd as it would be to instruct

\* De Audiend. Poetis.

him physically to proceed always in a straight line, without paying any attention to the rivers and precipices that intersect it. Children must, after all, be brought up for the world they are to live in, and not for a Utopia, or the Summer Islands of Bishop Berkeley. The *Emile* contains, however, many valuable details; and, as far as the principles are practicable, they are pure. To his compromise with Lafontaine there seems to be no objection\*. But till he has brought better proofs of the contrary, he must allow us to believe that the best of Esop's fables may be safely and usefully employed in the education of youth.

What this philosopher has said of the danger of presenting in these fables the cunning successful knave in more attractive colours than the simple honest dupe, is indeed worthy of all attention. For though lessons of defensive prudence are good, receipts for overreaching the ignorant and unsuspecting are assuredly stark naught. As every

\* Composons nous, Monsieur de la Fontaine. Je promets de vous lire avec choix, de vous aimer, et m'instruire dans vos fables. Car j'espère ne point me tromper sur leurs objets. Mais pour mon élève, permettez que je ne lui laisse pas étudier une seule, jusque vous m'ayez prouvé qu'il est bon pour lui d'apprendre des choses dont il ne comprendra pas le quart; que dans celles qu'il pourra comprendre, il ne prendra jamais le change, et qu'au lieu de se corriger sur le dupe il ne se fera pas sur le fripon. (*Emile*, L. xi.)

thing is liable to abuse, there are antimoral as well as moral fables. It belongs to the teacher to make the selection. Many fables, ancient and modern, are obviously liable to objection on this account. Phedrus, for instance, makes his Owl not only lie and deceive the Grasshopper, but treacherously kill her for disturbing her repose when she chooses to sleep in the day-time\*: And this fable, fit for the Court of Calcutta, pretends to be in favour of humanity. In the following collection, I have endeavoured to avoid or amend this fault; but in a professed translation, like the following, of Phedrus, this liberty could not be taken. One source of the frequent want of poetical justice in fables, is the arrogant pretensions of mankind. Kings believe their subjects made for their use. The great are ready to consider the lower orders of society as of an inferior species; and the lowest conceive themselves, with respect to the mere brute animals, lords of the creation. Thus, in the Fisherman and the little Fish†, designed to exemplify the prudence of not sacrificing a present small certain advantage to a greater, distant and uncertain, the supplication of the poor creature to spare its life is listened to with the most hardened indifference. The preva-

\* Fab. xvi. L. 3.

† Lafontaine, Fab. iii. L.

lence of this false sentiment must have become habitually strong, which could induce the good-natured Lafontaine to answer with taunting railery, the little helpless being he was going to devour\*.

\* Lafontaine, F. iii. L. 5.

Amongst the most objectionable of Lafontaine's fables, on account of their moralities, are the following :

L. 1. F. i. The Grasshopper and the Ant.

Vous chantez ! j'en suis fort aise.

Hé bien ! dansez maintenant.

O, you sung ! well ; now you may dance.

—Hard and uncharitable.

F. xiv. Simonides preserved by the Gods.

On ne peut trop louer trois sortes de personnes ;

Les dieux, sa maitresse, et son roi.

With too much praise you ne'er can sing

The gods, your mistress, or your king.

Besides the baseness of the sentiment, the whole of this introduction has a libertine air, unsuitable to a moral lesson. In the fable of Phedrus, from which it is taken, there is nothing of this sort.

L. 2. F. v. The Bat and the two Weasels.

Le sage dit, selon les gens,

Vive le roi ! vive la ligue.

The wise man, as his interest suits, ✓

His faith to this or that commutes. !

Than which nothing can be more base and contemptible.

1. The first of these is the fact that the  
 2. the second is the fact that the  
 3. the third is the fact that the  
 4. the fourth is the fact that the  
 5. the fifth is the fact that the

1. The first of these is the fact that the  
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 6. the sixth is the fact that the  
 7. the seventh is the fact that the  
 8. the eighth is the fact that the  
 9. the ninth is the fact that the  
 10. the tenth is the fact that the

in a certain *naïveté* of expression, a sort of refined simplicity, almost peculiar to himself, and perhaps to the language in which he wrote. There is a perfection belonging exclusively to different languages, which none but those accustomed to think in them can be fully sensible of. That which in Lafontaine most charms a Frenchman, is, I believe, but little felt by other nations. As a general style, I confess I should prefer that of Phædrus. The brevity, of which he was accused, as we learn from himself, of carrying to excess, is not obscure, and, for the most part, strongly pointed. Considered as a model for the young scholar, it has the advantage of teaching him to condense his thoughts as well as his expression; a lesson essential to classical taste, and, what is much more important, to good sense itself.

L. 8. F. xiv. The funeral of the Lioness.

Amusez les rois par des songes;  
 Flattez les, payez les d'agréables mensonges.  
 Princes with flattering lies deceive,  
 And make them what you please believe.

L. 8. F. xviii. The Bashaw and the Merchant.

Tout compté, mieux vaut, en bonne foi,  
 S'abandonner à quelque puissant roi,  
 Que s'appuyer de plusieurs petits princes.

And the same disgusting flatteries occur, L. 10. F. xi. L. 11.  
 F. ii. L. 12. Ff. ix. xxiv.

Of the collections of fables in English, Gay's, I believe, is alone held in any estimation. But they are rather political satires than Esopean fables. In this view, many of them are excellent. A blundering self-sufficient minister was never better represented than in the *Bear in the Boat*. There seems to have been a remarkable coincidence of character between him and La Fontaine. Both of them are recorded as of an incapacity for the ordinary concerns of life, bordering upon imbecility :

“ In wit a man, simplicity a child ;”

which we learn from Swift to have been literally true of Gay, was equally applicable to La Fontaine. Both of them attempted to be courtiers, and failed in a calling for which their characters, remarkable for sincerity and good-nature, and what Swift calls *cullibility*, must have been, of all others, the most unfit. Both of them had the rare good fortune to be generally beloved by the famous wits of their time ; and the happiness to be cherished in their latter days by ladies of high rank, eminent for wit and beauty.

As for the Esop's fables in prose, too often put into the hands of children, they are equally inadmissible to the closet and the school. “ The Fox reproaches a bevy of gossiping wenches making merry over a dish of pullets, that he, if he but

peeped into a hen-roost, they always made a bawling with their dogs, and their bastards; while yourselves, says he, can be stuffing your guts with your hens and capons, and not a word of the pudding." Such is Lestrangle's notion of the familiar style; nor is Croxall's much better. The beasts had chosen the ape for their king. The fox leads him into a snare, and then says to him "You a king! and not understand trap!" All this is the language of a night-cellar. And then follows a long common-place dissertation on the good and bad qualities of kings, called "An instructive application for the benefit of the young and inexperienced;" forgetting, that it is to supply the place of these instructive applications, which the young and inexperienced will neither read nor can understand, that the fables themselves are designed. To a splendid edition of fables, printed in 1793, the long exploded life of Esop, written by the Monk Planudes, is prefixed, with an ignorance or contempt of what has been written concerning it which is surprising. The first fable is the Cock and the Jewel, designed to illustrate the simple and sound maxim, that utility is better than show. But instead of this plain sense, the fable and the application are obscured and contorted, to signify "That virtue is a fine thing,"—"that honest undesigning good sense is so unfashionable, that



he must be a bold man who undertakes, at this time of day, attempts to bring it into esteem;” and this is, it seems, for the use of “idle sauntering young fellows, who spend their days in raking after new scenes of debauchery.” Now, what, in the name of common sense, has this trite stuff to do with the cock’s preferring a barley-corn to a pearl? The collection published by Dodsley has avoided these gross faults; but the style is heavy and redundant; and the moral, though purely intended, often confused and misunderstood. As an example of opposite morals drawn from the same action, and opposite styles to the same subject, let the reader compare the three following fables.

*The Reed and the Olive.*

The Reed and the Olive debated concerning forbearance, and strength, and tranquillity. The Olive reproached the Reed with his feebleness and facility in bending to every wind. The reed made no reply. Presently a fierce storm began to blow. The Reed yielded to the gale, and easily escaped; the Olive resisted and was broken.

*Application.*

This fable signifies, that they who submit to superior force fare better than those who contend with the more powerful.

This is a literal translation from the Greek \*, the construction and expression of which is so simple and natural, that it may be supposed to have come down to us unadulterated. The moral is one of the most obvious to human infirmity—patiently to endure what cannot be resisted; illustrated by the familiar image of a reed bending to the wind.

*The Oak and the Willow †.*

A conceited Willow had once the vanity to challenge his mighty neighbour the Oak to a trial of strength. It was to be determined by the next storm; and Æolus was addressed by both parties to exert his most powerful efforts. This was no sooner asked than granted: and a violent hurricane arose, when the pliant Willow, bending from the blast, or shrinking under it, evaded all its force; while the generous Oak, disdaining to give way, opposed its fury, and was torn up by the roots. Immediately the Willow began to exult and to claim the victory, when thus the fallen Oak interrupted his exultation. “Poor wretch! not to thy strength but weakness, not to thy boldly facing danger, but meanly skulking from it, thou

\* ΑΙΣΧΝΟΤ ΜΥΘΟΣ, CXLIII. Basil, 1550.

† Dodsley's Select Fables, B. 1. F. xxiii.

owest thy present safety. I am an Oak though fallen; thou art still a Willow though unhurt; and who, except so mean a wretch as thyself, would prefer an ignominious life, preserved by craft or cowardice, to the glory of meeting death in an honourable cause?"

What could provoke the author thus to travesty this beautiful and well known apologue, and convert it into a lesson of false honour and foolish pride, is not easy to conceive. The whole of it is contradictory and absurd. In violation of its received character, the willow, an emblem of humility, is made conceited and insolent, challenging the oak, and exulting over its fall. And the oak is at least as arrogant, and much more foolish, gratuitously to invite Æolus to exert his most powerful efforts, without any higher motive than to shew his superiority over an antagonist of contemptible force, who, in the end, triumphs over him. And generosity is as falsely attributed to the one, as craft and cowardice to the other. There is no glory in useless resistance, and no ignominy in necessary submission. And supposing this illustration of the maxim here adopted, that resistance is more noble than submission, to have been as appropriate as it is unhappy, the lesson of reasonable submission is of much more extensive and useful application

than that of resistance. Maxims should be for the generality of mankind, and for daily occasions : Extraordinary persons do not need them ; and extraordinary circumstances are therefore exceptions to common rules. We are hourly called upon for decent acquiescences under inevitable ills, natural and moral ; and to die in the field of glory, however sweet and decorous, is the lot of the privileged few. Martial very justly ridicules a coxcomb of his day who was perpetually extolling the noble deaths of Cato and Thraseas, without either the opportunity or the inclination to imitate these great men :

- ✓ Cato and Thraseas, Decius much admires :  
Contempt of death, he says, their fame inspires.
- ✓ True Decius ; they to die examples give ;
- ✓ Him I prefer who teaches us to live.

Besides this, the style of the fable is flat and turgid, overloaded with epithets and exclamations, and the rhodomontade folly of the oak, and the impertinence of the willow completely destroy all interest for either.

LE CHENE ET LE ROSEAU \*.

Le Chêne un jour dit au Roseau,  
Vous avez bien sujet d'accuser la nature ;  
Un roitelet est pour vous un pèsant fardeau,  
Le moindre vent qui d'avanture

\* Lafontaine, L. 1. F. xii.

Fait rider la face de l'eau  
Vous oblige à baiser la tête,  
Cependant que mon front, au Caucase pareil,  
Non content d'arreter les rayons du soleil,  
Brave l'effort de la tempête.  
Tout vous est acquilon, tout me semble zephir.  
Encore si vous naissiez à l'abri du feuillage,  
Dont je couvre le voisinage,  
Vous n'auriez pas tant à souffrir,  
Je vous defendrais de l'orage ;  
Mais vous naissez le plus souvent  
Sur les humides bords des royaumes du vent ;  
La nature envers vous me semble bien injuste.  
Votre compassion, lui repond l'arbuste,  
Part d'un bon naturel : mais quitter ce souci,  
Je plie, et ne romps pas : vous avez jusqu'ici,  
Contre leurs coups epouvantables,  
Resisté, sans courber le dos,  
Mais attendons la fin. Comme il disoit ces mots,  
Du bord de l'horizon accourt avec furie  
Le plus terrible des enfans  
Que le nord eût porté jusques-la dans ses flancs,  
L'arbre tient bon, le Roseau plie,  
Le vent redouble ses efforts ;  
Il fait si bien qu'il deracine  
Celui de qui la tête au ciel étoit voisine  
Et dont les pieds touchoient à l'empire des mort.

This is a very elaborate piece of embroidery on a simple design. The unity of the original is too much broken by a prodigality of ornament, but the structure is preserved ; and the ornaments, though perhaps in a false taste, bordering upon the bombast, seduce by the beauty of their exe-

cution. But the oak should not compare himself to Mount Caucasus, nor bully so unconscionably his meek neighbour : nor does the occasion support the sublime expression of the simile of Virgil.

In the following translation of Phedrus, his concise simplicity is what I have most endeavoured to attain.

If the translated fables are sometimes a verse or two longer than their originals, the measure, which is shorter than the latin Iambic, the necessity of completing the rhyming couplet, and the multitude of inversions admissible in the Latin, and proscribed by the structure of the English language, in which the value of the term is determined by its position, will perhaps be allowed to furnish a reasonable apology ; and I may still lay claim, with my poet, to the praise of brevity :

*Brevitati nostræ premium ut reddas.*—

In the imitations of the moderns, and the original fables, I have, as their manner seemed to allow, used a greater latitude ; but, I hope, not so as to outstep the concinnity and simplicity essential to these little compositions.

The familiar style, which is neither flat nor vulgar, is difficult to hit in any language ; and, I think, peculiarly so in the present state of the English. The chief force and beauty of this style seems to

consist in the proper use of colloquial idioms. But as these are generally formed in the early periods of original tongues, while they are taking their cast and character; in borrowed and compound languages, like ours, they will be neither abundant nor very expressive. And the few that we had, it became the affectation to proscribe, since it has been the mode to latinize the English language, in compliance with supposed laws of universal grammar, frequently mistaken by the doctors themselves; and to which no language is, or can be strictly reducible \*. Do not these pedants know, that idioms and anomalies, and vernacular phrases, form the countenance and spirit of a language? That its beauties as well as its defects must consist, not in what it has in common with all others, but in what is peculiar to itself†? Our great masters the Greeks, besides the *hellenisms* common to their language in general, carefully preserved their different dialects, which they knew how to employ with so much variety and

\* Johnson in his writings, and still more in his Dictionary, has contributed with all his might to this pretended improvement of the English idiom. See the multitude of Latin words in his Dictionary for which there is no authority but his own.

† Non sapete voi che le figure del parlare, le quai danno tanta gràtia et splendor all oratione, tutte sono abusioni delle regule grammaticali, ma accettate, et confermate dalla usanza?—  
(*Il Cortegiano de Castiglione, L. 1.*)

grace. And the French, in all their reformatations, in which perhaps they have too often sacrificed force to polish, have nevertheless had the good sense to respect their popular phrases; perhaps owing to the excellence to which their comedy had attained in the beginning of their Augustan period. Rousseau's observation is, I think, founded on truth. "In natural progression," he says, "as languages become learned, they lose in force what they gain in precision. And this change proceeds in an exact ratio with its improvements in grammar and logic. The surest method to render a language cold and monotonous, is to establish academies in the country where it is spoken\*." At present, not only the familiar language of Shakespeare, Fletcher and Ben Johnson, but that of Swift and Prior are going out of use. If this affectation proceeds, there will be soon but one mode of expression, equally ill adapted to oratory and common discourse. The rapid decadency of the Latin, from Cicero to

\* Par un progrès naturel, toutes les langues lettrées doivent changer de caractère et perdre de la force en gagnant de la clarté. Plus on s'attache à perfectionner la grammaire et la logique, plus on accélère ce progrès; et pour rendre bientôt une langue froide et monotone, il ne faut qu' établir des académies chez le peuple qui la parle.—(*J. J. Rousseau sur l'Origine des Langues, Chap. vii.*)



Seneca, and from Seneca to Apuleius, gives but little hope that the English language will not decline into this lamentable state. But to return to our subject: Esop is not the original inventor of the fable which goes under his name. That of the hawk and the nightingale, in Hesiod, is three hundred years older\*; and that of the trees electing a king, in the Bible, three centuries older still: and the apologue and parable are so much adapted to the allegorical taste of the orientals, that it seems probable, that those of Lockman and Pilpay were of original invention, and may, therefore, have been anterior to Esop. Priscian says, that Archilocus wrote fables before Esop†. Indeed, the applications of the actions and characters of our fellow animals to human proceedings is too striking not to have been made from the earliest time. But Esop was probably the first amongst the Greeks who exemplified a series of moral actions in this way in an appropriate manner to which his name has deservedly been given.

Besides the esopean fable we find amongst the ancients several other kinds referable to the

\* "The language of Hesiod's nightingale to the hawk is the origin of the beautiful and instructive wisdom in which Esop has employed so many tongues." (*Plutarch, Conviv. Sapient.*)

† *Præexercitamenta.*

apologue or representation under fabulous personages. Of the parable, sacred writ contains many impressive examples; amongst which, those that the divine author of our religion has deigned to employ are admirable for their simplicity and force. That in the Old Testament of the poor man's ewe-lamb is a sublime instance of their personal and immediate application, taking the vice as it were by surprise. Nathan relates to David his pathetic story, who spontaneously exclaims, "As the Lord liveth, whoso hath done this thing shall surely die." The retort is terrible: "Thou art the man!" And the apologue may be expressed wholly in action; as when Lycurgus, to convince the Lacedemonians of the force of education, brought two dogs, and placing a dish of meat before them, let loose a hare at the same time. One of them immediately fell to upon the garbage, and the other pursued the quarry. They were both, he said, whelps of the same litter\*.

*Fable*, (*fabula*) according to Varro, is derived from *fari*, to speak or discourse; and in its most general sense, signifies a story or narration: and in this the ancient critics considered the poem itself to consist; and measure, diction, &c. as accessory embellishments. "For the fictions of poetry," says Plutarch, "are no otherwise estimable than

\* Plutarch on the Education of Children.

as the actions they represent are pictures of realities. Thus Homer,

And many a pleasing tale he told,  
 † The forms of truth, where fictions hold."

It is related, he adds, that when one of his intimate friends observed to Menander that the feast of Bacchus was at hand, and his play not begun ; he replied, you are mistaken. The disposition and ordinance of the piece are finished, and there only remains the versification. And thus the courtesan Corinna reproved Pindar, who was then young, and too vain of his eloquence, as wanting judgment. You do not, says she, invent, in which poetry itself consists\*.

\* Plutarch. *Whether the Athenians were most excellent in letters or in arms.* This passage is thus translated by old Amyot : " La poësie, meme a grace, et est estimée et prisee d'autant qu'elle recite les choses comme si elles avoient esté faict, ainsi comme Homere mesme dit.

Il les tenoit, leurs contant plusieurs fables  
 Qui ressembloient à choses veritables.

Et dit on qu'il y eut un jour quelqu'un des familiers de Menander, qui lui dit, les festes Bacchanales son bien prochaines, et tu n'as pas faict ta comédie. Menander lui repondit, si ay, ainsi, m'aident les Dieux, je l'ay composée : car la disposition et ordinance en est toute taillée et proiettée, il ne reste plus qu'a y adionster les vers. La courtisanne Corinna reprit un jour Pindare. qui étoit encore ieune et se glorifioit un peu trop superbement de son sçavoir et de ses lettres, lui disant, qu'il étoit homme de mauvais iudgment, d'autant qu'il n'inventoit

The sophist Aptonius\*, himself the author or editor of Esopean fables, defines *μυθος* "the fable," a false discourse resembling truth; and the Esopean species, he says, has been distinguished into several varieties, some of which he thus enumerates, the sybaritic, the cilician, the cyprian, &c.; but they obtained, he observes, the general appellation of esopean, because those of Esop are by far the best. He divides them also, according to the qualities of the actors, into rational, where intelligent beings are the performers; moral, where the manners of men are feigned to be imitated by the brutes; and mixed, where both are employed. All these, he adds, not only instruct and delight childish and unlearned minds, by the liveliness of the pictures they represent, but, according to Aristotle†, may be ranked amongst the oratorical modes of conviction; of the happy use of which the following instances are recorded by the scholiast on Aptonius: that of the belly and the members, recited to the Roman people,

*pas des fables, ce qui est le propre de la poesie.*" There is a force and simplicity in this style, of which, I think, the modern French is not capable.

\* Aptonius flourished at Antioch: at what time is uncertain. Forty of his Esopean fables, with a Latin version, by Kimedoncius, of whom Neveletus says, that he was "*juvenis supra annos Græcè Latinèque doctus*," were printed from a MS. in the Palatine library, the beginning of the 17th century.

† Rhetoric, 2.

by Menenius Agrippa, to induce the plebians to return to the city \*: That of the hedgehog offering to drive away the flies from the wounded fox, applied by Themistocles to dissuade the Athenians from removing their magistrates, already enriched with their spoils, to let in a hungry tribe: that of the sheep, who resigned their dogs to the wolves, addressed by Demosthenes to the same Athenians, to warn them against giving up their orators, demanded by Philip: and another of the Scythian, who cut from his fruit-trees the bearing as well as the barren wood, applied by Herodes Atticus to the apathy of the Stoics;—" *for the philosophers did not disdain their use as exhorting the mind to virtue* †."

Of the epithets above-mentioned, this scholiast on Aphtonius derives the *sybaritic*, not remarkable for its chastity, from the *Sybarites*, opprobrious for their effeminate refinements; and records of them a circumstance which some persons may find it difficult not to envy—that they allowed, in their city, no noisy trade, no crowing of cocks, nor any thing which could interrupt their morning slumbers; the *cilician*, from *Cilicia*, a country

\* Liv. Dec. 2.

† Aul. Gell. l. 19, c. 12. Macrobian. de Somn. l. 1. c. 2. Platon. de Repub. l. 2. Cicero de Offic. 3.

of lesser Asia, near Syria, proverbial for lying \* ; and to these Priscian has added the *lybic* †, because Lybia abounds in wild beasts, the chief personages in fables; the *cyprian*, or erotic, from the island of *Cyprus*, the well-known court of Venus; the *milesian*, from a people of Ionia, remarkable for their loose manners ‡; and lastly, the *esopic*, from *Esop*, whose fables were in such general use, that not to know them was a term of reproach, indicating the grossest ignorance §.

That the fables of *Esop* were in high estimation amongst the ancients, we learn from abundant authorities. Plato, who banishes those of Hesiod and Homer from his republic, recommends the use of those of *Esop* ||. Socrates employed some of his last moments in turning such as he could remember into verse, according to a warning he said he had received in a dream ¶; and the Athenians erected a statue to his memory,

\* Plin. l. 5. c. 27.

† Præexercitamenta.

‡ Politian Mesc. c. 4. Appuleius says, he will relate a story, *Milesio sermone*.

§ Erasm. in Prov. *ne Esopi quidam trivisti*.

|| Rep. l. 2.—Not by name, but by implication.

¶ Plato in Phæd. Plutarch de audiend. poet. Suidas.] In the Phædo, Socrates says, that being warned in a dream to make some musical work, he first wrote odes to Bacchus; and then, *ὡς προχείρις, ἔιχον καὶ ἱππιδάμαν μῦθους τὰς Ἀισώπου, τέττατον ἱππίνεσθαι, οἷς πρώτοις ἐνέτυχον*.

executed by the chissel of Lysippus, and placed it before those of the seven sages, "because their severe manner did not persuade, while the jesting way of Esop pleased and instructed at the same time\*." The following is a translation of an epigram of Agathias upon this occasion :

## TO LYSIPPUS.

"Sculptor of Sicyon! glory of thy art!  
 I laud thee that the image thou hast plac'd  
 Of good old Esop in the foremost part,  
 More than the statues of the sages grac'd.  
 Grave thought and deep reflection may be found  
 In all the well-respected rolls of these;  
 In wisdom's saws and maxims they abound,  
 But still are wanting in the art to please :  
 Each tale the gentle Samian well has told,  
 Truth in fair fiction pleasantly imparts ;  
 Above the rigid censor him I hold,  
 Who teaches virtue while he wins our hearts †."

Whether Esop published any collection of his fables himself, has been much disputed ‡. The probability, I think, seems to be that he did ; from the above-mentioned circumstance of Socrates having turned some of them into verse, from memory ; and what Phedrus expressly says, that he imitated their style as closely as possible, in-

\* Phedrus, L. iii. Epilog.

† Antholog. L. iii. tit. 33. n. 9.

‡ See Fabric. Bib. Græc. cur. Harles, V. I. L. 11. c. 9. Ff. v. *num fabulas Æsopus ipse scripserit?*

so much that all claim to originality was denied him by his envious critics\*. Diagoras is said to have published an edition of them 150 years after Esop's death †, and Demetrius Phalareus another, half-a-century later ‡. But this is no proof that an original copy had not existed.

But however this may be, it seems sufficiently clear that we are not at present in possession of any copy of Esop's fables as they were known to the ancients. The first publication of them in print, was by Bonus Accursius, about the year 1489, from a MS. in the Ambrosean library at Milan, consisting of one hundred and forty-four fables, in Greek, to which is prefixed the life of Esop, by Maximus Planudes, a Greek monk, living at Constantinople, in the fourteenth century §.

\* "*Æsopus auctor quam materiam reperit,  
Hanc ego polivi in versibus senariis.*"—L. i. Prolog.  
"Equidem omni curâ morem servabo senis."

And again :

"*Librum exarabo tertium, Æsopi stilo.*"—L. iii. Prol.

† Tatién. Maxim. Tyrius. Laert. l. 5. c. 80.

‡ Fabricius, Bibliothec. Græc. l. 5. c. 80.

§ Planudes was sent on an embassy to Venice about the year 1327, by the Emperor Andronicus the Elder. Possevin, however says, that he was living at the Council of Basil, which began in 1431. He made a collection of epigrams, and translated Ovid's *Metam.* and Cæsar's *Comment.* into Greek.—(*Volaterr. L. 18.—Antropol. Genebrard. Chron. Vossius de Hist. et Poet. Græc. J. Scalig. Baillet, rep. Dec. 1684. Possevin in appar.*)



In 1505, Aldus Manutius published (with other works), for the first time, forty-three of the Greek fables which go under the name of *Gabrius*; and in the year 1510, Neveletus, in his collection, published one hundred and thirty-six more of *Esop's* fables, and eleven more of *Gabrius*, from five MSS. which he, with the assistance of the celebrated Gruter, had discovered in the Palatine library at Heidelberg; and from these, and various imitations of them in Latin, all the fables which bear at present the name of *Esop* seem to have flowed. The pretended life of *Esop* by Planudes is, from one end to the other, a tissue of the most ill-contrived and disgusting fictions\*. It attributes to him adventures and conversations utterly incompatible with the excellent sense for which he was noted; makes him quote Euripides a hundred years before his existence; sends him to Nectanebus, king of Egypt, who reigned half a century later still; and to Lycerus, king of Babylon, who never reigned at all: and the fables bear strong marks of the same hand. In one of them†, the voyagers land on the *Piræus*, constructed by *Themistocles* eighty years after *Esop's* death. The

\* "Stultus iste Monachus librum nobis relinquet quem *Æsopi* vitam appellat."—(*Bentl. de Fab. Æsop.*)

† Πύραυλος καὶ Δαλαφίς *Met.* π. ii.—(*In Nevel. 88.*)

moral to another very foolish fable, is a quotation from the Epistle of St James; and a third concludes with a literal translation of a distich from Horace\*. And, if these and several other absurdities were not sufficient to prove their illegitimacy, the fables themselves, for the most part poorly done, and written in a language which Henry Stephens has not ventured to cite in his Greek Lexicon, surely make it impossible that they should be those by which Esop obtained his celebrity. On this point we must, I think, agree with the learned Jesuit Vavassor, that "Planudes made his compilation partly from tradition, and partly from what he had found dispersed in various authors; that the applications are chiefly of his invention, and the style entirely his own†." And of this opinion are Neveletus‡, Mezeriac, Bayle, Bent-

\* "Quia me vestigia terrent," &c.—MTH. PAZ.

† "Verisimile ac propè certum videtur Planudem partim auribus accepisse à majoribus natu; partem legendo diversis ex auctoribus, quædam etiam invenisse per se, et concinnasse ad arbitrium suum. Etiam *ἡμυθίων* appendiculam illam explicatricem fabulæ subjecisse plerùmque ex suo sensu: omnia porro verbis complexum fuisse propriis et suis.—(Vav. de Lnd. Dict.)

‡ . . . . "quas à Planude, ut *Æsopi* vita est, scriptas existimo."—(Præfat.)

ley\*, &c. &c. And those afterwards discovered and published by Neveletus, (who appears, from his preface, to have been a very learned and judicious person, and who had also the assistance of the celebrated Gruter,) he himself is of opinion are not genuine. By whom they were written, he does not pretend to determine. The diversity of styles, he thinks, indicates different hands; and that some of them were probably composed by monks, from honourable mention being made of their order in two of them†. To which may be added, that another speaks of Demades, the impertinent rival of Demosthenes, who lived 150 years after the time of Esop. Tyrwhitt‡ ingeniously maintains, after Bentley, that many, in both these prose collections, are taken from Babrius, who, from the citations of Suidas, and an

\* “Vavassor quoque de ludicra dictione fabulas quæ nunc sunt non *Æsopo*, sed maximo Planudæ attribuit. Vide enim non pauca hac de re disputata in doctissimi Bailei Dict. Hist. Quibus omnibus fit ut laudes amplissimas quibus *Æsopeas* fabulas, ut nunc extant, extulerit Gulielmus Temple, unde hæc tota disputatio oritur, tanquam παραδοξος intuear ab omni ratione alienum.—(*Bentl. Dissert. de Fab. Æsop.*)

† “Quas autem earum auctor sit indagari nequeo. A diversis tamen conscriptas styli diversitas et tractandi ratio indicant. A monachis veteribus nonnullas, ut arbitrer, conscriptas fuisse, facit fidem fabula 152 et 271, ubi honorificam monachorum mentionem videre est.”—(*Mytholog. Æsop. Nevelet. Præfat.*)

‡ Dissert. de Babrio.

entire fable, to be found amongst those which bear the name of *Gabrias*, written in a measure called *choliambic* or *scazontic*\*, (distinct members

\* The following is a translation of this fable.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE SWALLOW.

A Swallow, wandering far from home,  
To a deserted forest come,  
Heard sweetest Philomel complain  
In mournful song her Itys slain :  
Itys, to cruel fate a prey,  
In youth and beauty snatch'd away !  
" Good day, my gentle friend," he cry'd,  
" But why in this drear waste abide ?  
Come, fly with me : those tuneful tears /  
Are all too sweet for brutal ears.  
" No," says the bird of plaintive strain,  
" Let me mid these lone rocks remain ; /  
The sacred fanes and haunts of men,  
Would but recal my woes again."  
From scenes that memory's pangs supply  
Griefs to retirement wisely fly.

And thus the same fable stands in Greek prose, 152 in Neveletus's Collection.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE SWALLOW.

A Swallow advised the Nightingale to become the companion of men, and take her habitation amongst them as she did. No, says the Nightingale, it would renew the memory of my misfortunes ; therefore I remain in the desert. The Swallow resembles those who live in the world ; but the Nightingale is like the monks, lovers of solitude, who fly from the world to God.

of which versification are discoverable in many of those prose fables), seems to have been a very elegant writer \*. As to those which we have at present under the name of *Gabrias*, in *tetrastics*, and what Bentley justly calls *pravis iambicis*, with the moral in prose, they are evidently spurious. "It would," says Neveletus, "be an insult to the memory of Babrias to attribute to him this supposititious abortion. It is the offspring of a certain *Mastigor*, as the Palatine copies have it, who epitomised the true Babrias; or of *Ignatius Diaconus*, according to Vossius's old MS., who thus writes of it. This of Babrias, or *Gabrias*, as he is vulgarly called, cannot be a genuine work, as the metre is faulty, and as it is attributed in ancient MS. to *Ignatius Diaconus*†."

He who has suffered from misfortune, will avoid the place where the misery happened.

The latter of these does appear certainly to have been taken from the former, and to have been done by a monk.

\* " . . . . quæ omnia poetam egregium fuisse docent—cujus liber, si nunc extaret, opponi Latino Phædri, si non preferri potest."—(*Bentl. Dissert.*)

† "De Babria itidem est ut moneam; injuriam nempe Babriæ fieri cum et *τὴ γὰρ*, quæ vulgo extant, adscribuntur suppositicius est fœtus, et quem Babriam pro suo agnoscere puderet. Ignatii cuiusdam Mastigoris pullus est, ut Palatinæ Schædæ indicant, qui epitomen Babriæ genuini consarcinavit; vel Ignatii Diaconi ut latet vetus codex doctissimi viri Vossii,

Hence it appears, that the oldest collection of Esopean fables which we have, as well as the best, is that of Phedrus, which may be supposed to supply the loss of Esop, as Terence does that of Menander.

The first person who seems to have shewn the stupid absurdity of Planudes's life of Esop, was Bachet de Mezeriac, a man of extraordinary erudition, as appears from his notes on Ovid's *Epistles*, who not only detected and exposed the folly of this monkish invention, but collected what can be known of Esop from reasonable authority\*. Planudes's silly story seems, however, to have been suited to the taste of the age for which it was written. It stands a prominent feature in all the early editions, and no doubt appears to have been en-

qui in orat. institut. l. 2. sic scripsit: Babriam, quem vulgo Gabriam adpellat, quamquam nec Babrias genuinus auctor videri queat; cum, quia hisce fabulis in metrum ipsum peccatur, tum, quia eæ in vet. cod. adscribuntur Ignatio Diacono."—(*Nevelet. Mythol. Esop. in Prefat.*)

X This is a slight review of the proofs adducible to prove that all the Greek fables we have are of spurious origin. Those who wish for farther information on this subject, (if any such there be), will find it in Meseriac's *Vie d'Esop*; in Bayle's *Dictionary*, Art. *Esop*; in Bentley's *Dissert.* printed in Wootton; *Ancient and Modern Learning*; and most fully in Harles's *Edit. of Fabric. Bib. Græc. Hamb. 1790, 4to. Vol. I. Cap. 9.*

\* This work was published at Bourg, an. 1632, 16°.

tertaind of its authenticity. In a black-letter English translation, from the Latin version of Rimucius, the ridiculous account of Esop's deformity is placed in the title-page, as the most inviting circumstance\*. The proofs, however, are abundantly satisfactory, that there is no ground whatever for this impertinent supposition. No preceding author has noticed it; and could Lysippus have been induced to make the statue of such a monster, some allusion to so remarkable a circumstance must have been made by those who have spoken of this statue. An older life of Esop, preserved

\* "The Fables of Esop in English, with all his life and fortune, how hee was subtile, wise, and born in Greece, not far from Troy the Great, in a towne named Amonio. He was, of all other men, most deformed, and evill shapen: for he had a great head, a large visage, long jawes, sharp eyes, a short necke, crooke-backed, great belly, great legs, large feet; and yet, that which was worse, he was dumb, and could not speake. But, notwithstanding this, he had a singular wit, and was very ingenious and subtile in cavillations, and pleasant in words when he came to his speach. Whereunto are added, the fables of Avian, and also the fables of Alphonce, with the fables of Poge, the Florentine, very pleasant to be read.—London, printed by F. B. for Andrew Heb, at the signe of the Bell, in St Paul's Churchyard, 1647."

Many of our early writers cite Esop, by whom they probably meant Avienus. The fables which Neveletus has placed in his collection, under the name of *Anonymi Fabulæ Æsopicae*, were printed in 1503, by Winkin de Worde, with the title of *Esopi Fabulæ*.

by Aphtonius, describes him as happy in his natural endowments, with a peculiar talent for vocal music, quite inconsistent with what Planudes relates of his incapacity to form articulate sounds \*. And Philostratus, in his description of certain works of art, existing in the time of the Antonines, gives a circumstantial account of a very fine picture, in which Esop is represented in the midst of his animals, and Geniuses presenting him with garlands of flowers, and branches of the olive tree. Is it possible that in so particular a description Philostratus should not have noticed this extraordinary circumstance had it existed? Far from this, he mentions the countenance of Esop as full of a pleasing expression †. So that Dr Bentley, not content with rejecting his ugliness, is persuaded that he was very handsome, and is for obliging all iconists in future so to represent him: rather an arbitrary decision; it is, however, certainly agreeable to disenchant the person of our ingenious moralist, from the spell in which this monk had bound it ‡.

\* Mezeriac. Vie d'Esop.

† "Leniter ridens oculis in terram demissis, habitu meditantis aliquid."—(*Philostrat. Icon.*)

‡ "Utinam id agere possem, Phrygis nostri causa, ut pictores aliter eum pingere cogerentur. Nam certè constat non deformis, ac probabile est fuisse pulcherrimus."—(*Bentl. ut Supra.*)



Apollonius Tyaneus, in Philostratus, has a more agreeable fiction, which, he tells us, he learned from his mother, when a child. "Esop, a shepherd's boy, fed his flock near a temple of Mercury, and frequently prayed to him for mental endowments. He had many competitors, who brought rich presents to the altar; but he had nothing to offer, except a little milk and honey, and a few flowers, which, he said, the care of his sheep did not allow him to arrange with much art. The mercenary God disposed of his gifts in proportion to the value of the offerings; to one philosophy, to another eloquence, to a third astronomy, and to a fourth the poetical art. When all was given away, he perceived Esop, and recollecting a fable which the Hours had related to him in his infancy, he bestowed upon him the invention of the apologue \*.

The following appears to be what we have received concerning Esop on more credible authority: He was born at Cotieum, in Phrygia, about the 52d Olympiad †, in the condition of a slave,

\* Philostrat. in vit. Apollon. (56, 5.) This is the subject of the frontispiece to this volume.

† 572 years before Christ. Eusebius says, Esop was contemporary with Solon, who published his laws about the 46th, and with Cræsus, who began his reign about the 56th Olympiad,

with good natural parts, and great aptitude for learning. His first master, Demarchus, was an inhabitant of Athens, so that he had the advantage of removing early to that celebrated seat of learning and arts. There he acquired the attic delicacy, the *Æsopi venustas* \*; and a taste for moral philosophy, then the prevailing study of the Athenian schools: For, of the seven sages who flourished at that period, Thales, the Milesian, was the only one who made profession of the mathematics or natural history, the rest being esteemed for their maxims of virtue and wisdom in the conduct of life †. We afterwards find him in the service of Xanthus, and then of Idmon ‡, both of the island of Samos; to the latter of whom, the

\* Ansonius attributes this quality to Esop as he does argument to Isocrates, logic to Demosthenes, a rich abundance to Tully, and propriety to Virgil; a proof of the high consideration he was held, to find him in such company. Quis ita ad *Æsopi venustatem*, quis ad sophisticas Isocratis conclusiones, quis ad ethemata Demosthenis, aut opulentiam Tullionam, aut proprietatem nostri Maronis quisita singula, ut in scriptis implev omnia.—(*Ausonius Epist. ad Symmach.*)

† These sages were Thales, Solon, Chilo, Cleobulus, Bias, Pittacus, and Periander; to whom Laertius adds Anacharsis the Scythian, Maro, Pherecydès the Syrian, Epimenides, and Pisistratus, the tyrant of Athens.

‡ Or Judman, as he is called by Herodotus, who gives him the surname of *the wise*.

beautiful courtesan Rhodope was a slave at the same time, and is said to have conceived a passion for Esop ; or, according to Pliny, to have been his wife\* ; an additional indication, were any needful, against his pretended deformity. From Idmon, he received his liberty, probably as a recompence for services his superior talents had enabled him to perform ; and, from this period, he seems to have been in high estimation with his contemporaries. Attracted by his extraordinary reputation, Cresus, the opulent King of Lydia, invited him to the court of Sardis, then the rendezvous of the learned. Here he met with Solon, of which meeting there remains an anecdote that strongly marks their different characters, one a man of the world, and the other an austere republican philosopher. Cresus, after displaying his magnificence to the sages, demanded from them, who, amongst those they knew of, best deserved the title of *happy* ? Various persons were named, and Solon instanced one who

\* “ *Æsopi fabularum philosophi* (a remarkable expression) *conserva quondam et contubernalis hæc fuit.*” He says, “that with her meretricious wealth, she built the smallest and most admired of the Egyptian pyramids. Herodotus, however, says that this pyramid was built long before, and that Rhodope made a donation of the tenth of her profits (a curious sort of tithe) to the temple at Delphi, which amounted to a great sum.” At which Plutarch makes Diogenes, when viewing the temple, express great indignation.

was called out of life immediately after having performed an action of eminent virtue ; adding, that none could be pronounced happy till he had finished his course. When it came to Esop's turn, he immediately named Ctesias, which pleased him so much, that he could not refrain from exclaiming, the Phrygian has hit the mark, an expression which became proverbial. Solon was presently dismissed without any marks of royal munificence. Solon, said Esop, as he was accompanying him part of the way on his return, when we speak to kings we should say what is agreeable to them. Esop, replied Solon, if we converse with kings at all, it should be to give them wise and wholesome advice. Notwithstanding the sententious dignity of this reply, the maxim of Esop appears practically the better ; for to give useful counsel to persons in power, it is first necessary to obtain their confidence and good-will. Solon, for want of a very innocent condescension, lost all credit with Ctesias : but he had the pride of a philosopher and the stiffness of a republican to support ; whereas, it is probable, that Esop found many occasions to employ his influence to good purposes, as he seems to have remained at Sardis, with the exception of a few short absences, till the fatal mission which cost him his life. Ctesias is indeed said to have recollected the sentence of

Solon in his adverse fortune \*, but to no useful effect. From Phedrus's fable of the Frogs desiring a King, it appears that Esop made a journey to Athens soon after Pisistratus, whom Solon called the best of tyrants, had usurped the sovereign power. And knowing, as he did, the restless, giddy spirit of the Athenians, he seems prudently to have advised them, rather to be patient under a mild and intelligent dominion, than by their turbulence to hazard a worse. We also find that he was deputed by Cesus to Periander King of Corinth, where the sages were then assembled, of whom Periander himself was one, though Lucian pretends that he was not to be perceived amongst them in the Elysian fields. And it was probably here that he made his celebrated reply to the question of Chilo : " What is the employment of the Gods ?—To pull down the high and exalt the low †." A profound and comprehensive expression of the perpetual vicissitudes of the natural and moral world ‡. He is also said to have invented at this time a beautiful allegory on the origin of evil ; that Prometheus, when he made

\* Plutarch in vit. Solon.

† Laetius in Chilon. Chilo must have been at this time of extreme old age.

‡ Bayle Dict. Art. Esop.

man, tempered the clay not with water, but with his tears \*. Plutarch has supposed, at the above mentioned meeting, his entertaining account of the banquet given by Periander to his associates, at one of his villas, beautifully situated on the isthmus of Corinth †, in honour of a conciliatory sacrifice his wife had persuaded him to offer to Venus, with whom, for family reasons, he had been for some time upon bad terms ‡. Esop, one of the party, is the pleasantest and best bred man amongst them. With great good humour and gallantry he takes the part of Eumetes, an amiable lady, whom Cleodemus the physician had put to the blush, by a rude observation on some enigmas she had made, and turns the laugh against the Doctor. He is the only one who ventures to smile at a strange superstitious miracle, related by a traveller §; and whenever the conversation grows dull, it is Esop who reanimates it with some lively agreeable sally. Besides the seven sages, there were present at this banquet Esop, Anacharsis, Melissa, the wife of Periander, Eu-

\* Themistius.

† Pausanias in Corinth.

‡ Periander's mother had destroyed herself in consequence of an unfortunate passion, attributed of course to the influence of Venus.

§ The story of Orion saved by a dolphin.

**metes**, daughter of Cleobulus, Naucrates, sent by Amasis King of Egypt with a silly question to Bias, of which he gives as silly a solution, Mnesophilus from Athens, Diocles the priest and augur of Periander, Ardalus priest of the Muses, Cleodemus a physician, and Cherseas a poet \*.

Cresus, desiring to make a splendid offering to the temple of Delphi, entrusted the embassy to Esop, with directions to distribute to each of the citizens four *mimæ* of silver †. Some dispute arising, he reproached them with their uncultivated lands, and lazy existence on the gratuities of strangers. The quarrel ran high, and ended by his sending the money back to Sardis. Their revenge was horrible; fully justifying the worst opinion Esop might have entertained of them. They concealed amongst his effects a golden cup, consecrated to Apollo, and pursuing him, easily found what themselves had hidden ‡, and immediately condemned him to be cast down from a rock called *Hypania*, the punishment of sacrilege. In vain he related to them the fable of the Eagle and the Locust §; imprecating upon them

\* Plutarch Conviv. Sept. Sapient.

† The silver mima was twelve ounces.

‡ This has a remarkable resemblance to the innocent stratagem of Joseph.

§ It is extraordinary that this fable is not in Phædrus. It is

the vengeance of heaven for their cruelty and injustice; he was nevertheless executed \*. For a long time after which Delphi was visited with pestilence and famine, which is said to have continued, till by command of the oracle, expiation had been made; according to Herodotus, not till the third generation; when finding no remains of the family of Esop, they substituted a descendant of his master Jadmon, and the plague ceased.

Of the life of Phedrus, the little that can be known must be collected from his work. He was the countryman of Linus and Orpheus, and of the Muses themselves, being born on Mount Pierius in Thrace †, then a part of the Roman province of Macedonia ‡; during the proconsulate of Octavius, the father of Augustus, remarkable for the mildness of his administration §; and, like his master Esop, in the condition of a slave. As we find him afterwards in the household of Augustus, it is probable that he had followed Octavius on his return to Rome. It appears at

in the *Scholæ* on Aristophanes, differing from that in Planudes; both are probably spurious.

\* Plutarch de sera numen vendit.

† Ph. L. 3. Prolog.

‡ Strabo, L. x.

§ Suetonius in August. ac. Epist. ad Quint, 1. c. 7, 11. c. 2.



least, from his elegant latinity, that he must have gone thither at an early age. During the dangerous reign of Tiberius, *when walls had ears*\*, he became exposed to the ill-will of the tyrant's detestable minister Sejanus †. His fables seem to have been written at an advanced age. In the third book, he supposes his friends will apply to him the fable of the lees of wine which had preserved their odour ‡; and concludes his work with comparing himself to the good hound, worn out with age and infirmities §. His writings indicate a worthy virtuous man, of an irritable temper, impatient of criticism, and deeply resentful of the oppression he suffered, certainly in common with others of equal merit. He seems to have ended his days in poverty and neglect ||; the melancholy fate of too many of those whose works remain the delight and instruction of future generations.

The commentators of Phedrus have been much embarrassed with a passage in Seneca, in which he says, that " the Romans had not exercised

\* " Et muta atque inanima, lectum et parietes circumspectabuntur." (*Tacit. An. iv. 69.*)

† Phed. L. 3. Prolog.

‡ L. 3. F. i.

§ L. 5. F. x.

|| L. 3. Prolog.

their genius in the Esopic fable \*.” But by this is probably meant no more, than that they had not invented fables of this kind : for it is hardly possible to suppose, that some sort of version of Esop in Latin had not been early made ; and then Phedrus, who professes to have kept close to Esop, might not be considered as an objection to this remark ; especially, as Professor Schwabbe supposes, with an appearance of probability, in his late elaborate edition of Phedrus †, that when Seneca wrote his *Consolation to Polybius*, Phedrus had only published his first book, which consists almost wholly of fables from Esop. This difficulty has, however, extremely puzzled the learned. Lipsius solves it very idly, by observing that Phedrus was not a Roman by birth ; for no more was Terence, nor, as I remember, Seneca himself ; and Bayle attributes it to the inattention and forgetfulness to which the greatest men are liable. The German Professor Christe, the master of Heyne, takes ground upon it however to call in question the existence of Phedrus in a long treatise *ad hoc*. His other proofs are,

\* “ Non audio te usque producere ut fabellas quæque Æsopæos logos intentatum Romanis ingeniis opus solita tibi venustate connectas.” (*Senec. de Consol. c. 27.*)

† Brunsvigæ, 1806, 2 vol. 8vo.

that one of these fables is to be found in the work of the Archbishop of Siponto, 200 years before the discovery of Pithou's MS., which appears to prove just the contrary ; and a third, that Avienus, mentioning Phedrus with Babrius, seems to make him a Greek. But he places Socrates with Horace precisely in the same manner. The profession finishes by deciding that the latinity is not pure. The Germans admire these literary paradoxes.

The five books of Phedrus owe their first appearance to the excellent Peter Pithou, who published them at Troyes in Champagne, an. 1596, from MSS. discovered by him at Rheims and Dijon. They seem to have lain hid during the middle ages, as the only two authors that mention him are Martial \* and Avienus, who wrote in the 4th century †. It appears, however, from

\* "*An æmulator improbi jocos Phædri?*" which may well be understood of some very obscene fables of Phedrus. The term *jocos* is applied by Phedrus himself to his fables in four places. So *ἥλοια* in Greek.

† "*Hujus materiæ ducem nobis Æsopum noveris, qui responso Apollinis monitus, ridicula orsus est ut legenda firmaret. Verum has pro exemplo fabulas et Socrates divinis operibus indidit, et poemati suo Flaccus aptavit, quod in se, sub jocosum communium speciei, vitæ argumenta contineant : quas fabulas, Græcis iambis. Babrius repetens in duo volumina coarctavit : Phædrus etiam partem aliquam quinque in libellos*

several parts of the elegant Latin fables of Gabriel Faernus, and from the express avowal of Perotti, in his *Copiae-cornus*, that MSS. of Phedrus had been discovered half a century before, and concealed or destroyed ; a practice which, it is to be feared, was but too common on the revival of letters.

To the Phedrus a few notes are added, in case this translation should be received in grammar schools, where he is read. I have used the edition of Brotier, which I think preferable to that of Burman, or the late elaborate and voluminous one of Schwabbe.

resolvit. De his ego usque ad 42, in unum reductas, fabulas dedi, quas rudi Latinitate compositas elegis sum explicare conatus."—(*Avienus in Præfat. ad Theodosium.*)



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THE  
*ÆSOPÆAN FABLES*  
OF  
PHEDRUS.

---

IN FIVE BOOKS.



## BOOK THE FIRST.

---

### PROLOGUE.

THESE fictions have a double end ;  
To please and to instruct pretend.  
What Esop taught his beasts in Greek,  
Phedrus in Latin made them speak :  
In English, I from him translate,  
And his brief manner imitate.

---

### FABLE I.

#### THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

By thirst compell'd, to the same brink,  
A Wolf and Lamb approach'd to drink ;  
The Wolf above, the Lamb much lower.  
When urg'd by hunger's wicked power,

.



The tyrant thus a quarrel sought :  
“ How dar’st thou muddy thus my draught ?”  
“ Sir,” says the Lamb, “ that cannot be,  
“ For the stream runs from you to me.”  
“ Well, well,” replied the Wolf, “ I know  
“ You slander’d me six months ago.”  
—“ Indeed, good Sir, I was not born.”  
—“ Then ’twas your father spoke with scorn.”  
This said, he seiz’d his trembling prey,  
And bore poor Wooly-sides away.

To you this fable I address,  
Who on false grounds the weak oppress.

---

## FABLE II.

### THE FROGS DESIRING A KING.

ATHENS in freedom flourish’d long,  
“Till licence seiz’d the giddy throng.  
Just laws grown weary to obey,  
They sunk to tyranny a prey.  
Pisistratus, though mild he sway’d,  
Their turbulence had not allay’d.

Whilst they were cursing in despair  
The yoke they had not learn'd to bear,  
Esop, their danger to describe,  
Rehears'd this fable to the tribe :

“ Some Frogs, like you, of freedom tir'd,  
From Jupiter a king desir'd :  
One that should execute the law,  
And keep the dissolute in awe.  
Jove laught, and threw them down a log,  
That thundering fell and shook the bog.  
Amongst the reeds the tremblers fled :  
Till one more bold advanc'd his head,  
And saw the monarch of the flood  
Lying half smother'd in the mud.  
He calls the croaking race around :  
“ A wooden king !” the banks resound.  
Fear once remov'd, they swim about him,  
And gibe and jeer and mock and flout him ;  
And messengers to Jove depute,  
Effectively to grant their suit.  
A water-snake he sent them then,  
Who soon had swallow'd half the fen.  
Their woes scarce daring to reveal,  
To Mercury by night they steal,  
And beg him to entreat of Jove  
The direful serpent to remove.

“ No,” says the God, “ they chose their lot,  
And must abide what they have got :”  
So you, my friends, had best go home  
In peace, lest something worse should come.”



### FABLE III.

#### THE JACKDAW AND THE PEACOCKS.

THUS Esop has the folly shown,  
To build on merits not our own.

A Jackdaw, empty, pert, and vain,  
Who held his equals in disdain,  
One day some beauteous feathers found,  
Left by a Peacock on the ground.  
When in the gaudy plumage drest,  
The shallow thing his fortune blest ;  
With stately gesture strode along,  
And boldly join'd the Peacock throng ;  
Who, his impertinence to pay,  
First stript him, and then chas'd away.  
The crest-fall'n coxcomb homeward sneaks,  
And his forsaken comrades seeks ;

Where'er he comes, with scorn they leave him,  
And not a Jackdaw will receive him.  
Says one he had disdain'd, at last,  
"Such as thou art, thou mightst have past,  
And hadst not now been cast behind,  
The scorn and scandal of thy kind."

---

## FABLE IV.

## THE DOG AND HIS SHADOW.

Who others' property invade,  
With loss of theirs are justly paid.

A Spaniel swimming with his food,  
Believ'd his shadow in the flood  
A real dog; and while he tries,  
Him of his dinner to surprise,  
From his loos'd jaws down dropt his own;  
And shade and substance both were flown.

## FABLE V.

## THE LION AND THE BEASTS.

WHEN in alliance with the strong,  
The weak are sure to suffer wrong.

A Lion, in a royal whim,  
Took other beasts to hunt with him.  
A stag entangl'd in their toil,  
He into three divides the spoil ;  
Then in these words the lordly beast  
His humble company address'd :  
“ This portion I as strongest claim ;  
This, because Lion is my name ;  
And as for the remaining share,  
To touch it, let me see who dare !”  
Thus, as it ever will befall,  
The greedy tyrant seiz'd on all.

## FABLE VI.

## THE FROGS AND THE SUN.

ON marriage of a knave of state,  
Esop this fable did relate :

“ Report had thro’ the marshes spread,  
That Sol was on the point to wed ;  
The croaking tribe made such a clatter,  
That Jove inquir’d what was the matter.  
“ One Sun,” a frightened Frog replies,  
“ Consumes us, when our lake he dries ;  
Then what will be our wretched fate,  
Should this new couple propagate !”

---

## FABLE VII.

## THE FOX AND THE MASK.

A Fox beheld a painted head ;  
“ What beauty without brains !” he said.

To you, this saying may apply,  
Ye fools, whom fortune lifts on high.

---

## FABLE VIII.

## THE WOLF AND THE CRANE.

WHO from the wicked seeks reward,  
Is twice to blame ; first, to accord  
Help to the bad ; and then to trust  
In them who know not to be just.

A Wolf across his greedy throat,  
One day a pointed bone had got.  
With promises he lur'd in vain  
Each creature to relieve his pain.  
At last his oaths a Crane persuade,  
With venturous beak to give him aid.  
The hardy cure when well effected,  
Longshanks the promis'd fee expected.  
“ What,” says the Wolf, “ your neck you draw  
In safety from my hungry maw,  
And dare demand another prize ?  
Ungrateful ! fly if thou art wise.”

## FABLE IX.

## THE SPARROW AND THE HARE.

WHO dares another's ills deride,  
Had best against his own provide.

An Eagle pouncing on a Hare,  
With piercing cries Puss rends the air ;  
When a pert Sparrow, from a tree,  
Insulted thus her misery :  
“ Ho ! ho ! poor Puss ! thy boasted speed  
Has fail'd thee, then, in time of need !”  
Scarce had she spoke, when, like an arrow,  
A Vulture darted on the Sparrow.  
E'er the poor Hare resign'd her breath,  
“ This sight,” she cried, “ consoles in death ;  
That thou, who hast my woes derided,  
My last of miseries hast divided !”



## FABLE X.

## THE WOLF, THE FOX, AND THE APE.

WHO once in fraud has been detected,  
For ever after lives suspected.

A sharpening Wolf a Fox indites  
Of swindling, and to judgment cites  
Before the Ape : Long was the trial,  
And Reynard stout in his denial.  
The pleadings done, the Ape at last  
Is said this sentence to have past :  
“ You, Wolf, I doom to pay the cost,  
For you seem nothing to have lost ;  
You, Fox, condemn to reparation,  
On your notorious reputation.”

## FABLE XI.

## THE ASS AND THE LION.

VAIN boasters credit may surprise  
Till known ; who knows them will despise.

A Lion once a-hunting took  
An Ass, and hid him in a nook.  
To drive the forest made him bray,  
That he might seize the passing prey.  
Long-ears sets up such horrid cries,  
That every creature trembling flies ;  
The Lion, practis'd in his trade,  
Had soon abundant carnage made ;  
Sate with spoil, the Ass he calls,  
And bids him cease his hideous brawls.  
The king he found with slaughter weary,  
Surrounded by his noble quarry,  
And, puff'd with self-importance, said :  
" Sir, to some purpose I have bray'd !"  
" No Ass more famously could do,"  
The Lion says, " but thee I knew,  
Or I might have been frightened too." }

## FABLE XII.

## THE STAG AT THE FOUNTAIN.

THAT good from bad men rarely know,  
This apologue may serve to show :

A Stag upon a fountain's side,  
Beheld his branching horns with pride ;  
While of his spindle-shanks asham'd,  
Their disproportion'd form he blam'd.  
Sudden he hears the hunter's cries,  
And to the forest nimbly flies.  
The woods receive their well-known guest ;  
His tangled horns his feet arrest ;  
The hounds approach, and seize their prey ;  
Who, dying, thus was heard to say :  
" Wretch that I am ! too late I learn,  
How little we the truth discern !  
What would have sav'd me I despis'd,  
And what has been my ruin, priz'd !"

## FABLE XIII.

## THE FOX AND THE CROW.

Who in deceitful praise takes pleasure,  
His folly will repent at leisure.

Perch'd o'er his head, sly Reynard sees  
In a Crow's beak a tempting cheese ;  
When thus the cunning Fox began :  
" O Crow, more fair than any swan !  
If like thy form thy voice should be,  
What bird can be compar'd to thee !"  
To sing the flatter'd fool would try :  
The cheese came tumbling from on high ;  
Voracious Reynard snapt it up,  
And laughing, left his hungry dupe,  
Who on an empty stomach ru'd,  
That flattery is but hollow food.

## FABLE XIV.

## THE COBLER TURNED PHYSICIAN.

A BUNGLING Cobler, brought to want,  
Assum'd a quack's audacious cant.  
To vend his powder, salve and pill,  
Put forth a vaunting, lying bill :  
He had an antidote, he said,  
That every poison harmless made.  
The gaping populace admir'd,  
And fame and money he acquir'd :  
The Mayor, diseas'd, and like to die,  
The man's ability to try,  
Order'd some poison to be brought,  
And bid the quack take off the draught.  
The frightened wretch, with death in view,  
Confess'd no antidote he knew ;  
That all the science he pretended,  
On others' ignorance depended.  
The Mayor convok'd the town : says he,  
" Townsmen, what precious fools ye be,  
Your med'cines from that hand to take,  
That none would trust his shoes to make !"

Learn, if ye can, confiding fools !  
Of knaves to be no more the tools.

## FABLE XV.

## THE ASS AND THE SHEPHERD.

WHEN princes fall into disaster,  
The people do but change their master.

A Shepherd, as he fed his Ass,  
Saw soldiers at a distance pass,  
And thus his animal address'd :  
“ 'Tis time to fly ; come, come, make haste ! ”  
The patient beast says, “ Think you, pray,  
Two loads upon me they will lay ? ”  
The man says “ No. ” — “ Then what care I !  
All one to me to stay or fly. ”

---

## FABLE XVI.

## THE RAM, THE STAG, AND THE WOLF.

THE knave security who gives,  
His creditors but more deceives.

A Stag once ask'd a Ram to lend  
Some corn, on credit of his friend  
The Wolf: The wary Ram demurr'd,  
Afraid to trust in either's word.  
" Bonds, notes," he says, " can little bind ye;  
When pay-day comes the de'il won't find ye."

---

### FABLE XVII.

#### THE RAM, THE DOG, AND THE WOLF.

HE who false evidence has given,  
Carries the curse of earth and heaven.

A rascal of a Dog pretended,  
That corn he to the Ram had vended.  
The Wolf, produc'd as witness, swore  
All he was ask'd, and ten times more;  
And honest Ram his process lost,  
Interest and principal and cost.  
A few days after, passing by,  
He saw the Wolf a carcass lie.  
" Vile wretch," he said, " the gods have paid  
In proper coin thy cursed trade!"

●

## FABLE XVIII.

## THE BITCH IN LABOUR.

THIS fable teaches to beware  
Of humble guise and outside fair.

A whelping Bitch, in doleful plight,  
Begg'd Pug to lodge her for a night.  
Good-natur'dly her suit is granted ;  
But now a farther time is wanted :  
—" In a few days my whelps will grow,  
And be in better state to go."  
To this obliging Pug consents,  
And with small space herself contents.  
From day to day, they staid so long,  
The puppies were grown stout and strong.  
At last Pug hinted to the stranger,  
She now might travel without danger :  
" No," says the Bitch, " I mean to stay ;  
Now drive us, if you can, away !"



## FABLE XIX.

## THE FAMISHED DOGS.

FOLLY not only ne'er succeeds,  
But oft to certain ruin leads.

Dogs in a stream a carcass saw :  
Thinking the water off to draw,  
To lap it up the idiots tried :  
In the attempt they burst and died.

---

## FABLE XX.

## THE LION WORN WITH AGE.

WHEN fate and fortune cease to smile,  
Prepare for insults from the vile.

Worn out, and in a dying way,  
A venerable Lion lay :  
The Boar came on with rankling tooth,  
For some offence receiv'd in youth ;

The Bull then ventur'd with his horn,  
To gore him for an ancient scorn ;  
The sorry Ass, O last disgrace !  
Approach'd and kickt him in the face.  
Then he, expiring,—“ 'Tis severe  
The insults of the brave to bear :  
But, wretch ! when spurn'd by thee I lie,  
High time it is indeed to die !”

---

## FABLE XXI.

## THE MAN AND THE WEASEL.

A WEASEL taken in a snare,  
Thus pray'd the Man his life to spare :  
“ Consider, Sir, that but for me,  
Your granaries full of mice would be !”  
—“ Had you by love of me been mov'd,  
My gratitude you might have prov'd ;  
But, robber, 'tis not for my sake,  
But for yourself the pains you take ;  
Of petty thieves you make your prey,  
And then devour much more than they !”

This said, in chains he hung the traitor,  
In terror to each speculator.

Your likeness in this tale is shown,  
In public good who seek your own ;  
And having gain'd your selfish end,  
To be rewarded still pretend.



## FABLE XXII.

### THE FAITHFUL DOG.

OFFICIOUS gifts may fools surprise,  
But raise suspicion in the wise.

A night-thief, passing in the street,  
To a House-dog presented meat.  
“ If this to hold my tongue you offer,”  
Says Sultan, “ know I scorn your proffer ;  
The bribes and flatt’ries of a stranger,  
But warn me more to watch the danger.”

## FABLE XXIII.

## THE FROG AND THE OX.

WHEN little folks will ape the great,  
’Tis easy to foresee their fate.

A Frog, a well fed Ox had seen,  
And envying much his goodly mien ;  
She puff’d and swell’d her wrinkl’d hide ;  
And to her brood in triumph cried,  
“ Well ! do I equal him in size ?”  
“ Ah, no !” a little one replies.  
Again her stretch’d-out sides dilate ;  
The difference still, they said, was great.  
One effort more, in fate’s despight,  
She desperate made with all her might :  
’Twas all in vain. The reptile, curst  
With envy and ambition, burst.

## FABLE XXIV.

## THE DOG AND THE CROCODILE.

WHO to the wise false counsel give,  
Their labour lose, and scorn receive.

The dogs, 'tis said, that lap the Nile,  
Run, to avoid the Crocodile.  
One, who conceal'd in sedges lay,  
Cries to a Hound—"Here! hark you! stay!  
Drink at your leisure of the stream,  
Nor of imagin'd dangers dream!"  
"I thank you, Sir; you well advise;"  
At distance due the Dog replies;  
" 'Tis what I certainly should do,  
Had I no cause to fly from you."

## FABLE XXV.

## THE FOX AND THE CRANE.

HARM none ; then injuries done to thee,  
Retorted may deserve to be.

Reynard one day, in merry vein,  
To dine invited neighbour Crane.  
He gave her neither frogs nor fish,  
But mince-meat, in a shallow dish ;  
So that, while Reynard lapt his fill,  
No morsel pass'd her pointed bill,  
And sad and fasting she went home.  
Next day she ask'd the Fox to come  
And sup ; and gave, for only food,  
A hash that smelt extremely good,  
Served in a jar with narrow neck,  
Where Longshanks just could put her beak.  
The Crane supt well ; her famish'd guest  
By no means relishing the feast.  
“ No malice,” says the Crane, “ adieu !  
Remember I was taught by you.”

## FABLE XXVI.

THE VULTURE, THE DOG, AND THE  
TREASURE.

For you this fable I relate ;  
Base born, who seek a vast estate.

A Dog, in consecrated ground,  
Opening a grave, a treasure found.  
The Gods, his sacrilege to pay,  
Curs'd him with avarice : day by day,  
Fixt on the treasure, he neglects  
His due repose, and food rejects.  
Consum'd he dies. When from above  
A Vulture shriek'd, " O damn'd of Jove !  
Who dunghill-bred, didst life employ  
On wealth thou knewst not to enjoy !"

## FABLE XXVII.

## THE FOX AND THE EAGLE.

TEMPER your pride, ye haughty great !  
Vengeance can reach the loftiest state.

An Eagle, for her young at prey,  
Had borne a Fox's whelps away ;  
The mother, following, cried in vain,  
" Give me my little ones again !"   
Her prayer denied, with desp'rate hand,  
She from the altar snatch'd a brand,  
And held it to the Eagle's tree :  
" My woes," she cries, " thou sharst with me !"   
For peace the affrighted robber su'd ;  
Glad to restore the ravish'd brood.



## FABLE XXVIII.

## THE FROGS AND THE BULLS.

OFT when the strong dispute for sway,  
The weak are victims of the fray.

A Frog who saw two Bulls contend,  
Cried out, "What ills o'er us impend!"  
"How so," said one, who chanc'd to hear,  
"Pray what have we from Bulls to fear?"  
"More than you think," replies the Frog:  
"The beaten Bull will seek this bog,  
Forc'd to forsake his native groves,  
And tread down thousands as he roves."

---

## FABLE XXIX.

## THE KITE AND THE PIGEONS.

RUIN impends on those who crave  
The false protection of a knave.

The Pigeons by their nimble flight  
Had still escap'd the rav'nous Kite.  
From force despairing of his prize,  
The rogue assum'd a friendly guise ;  
Advis'd they should a treaty make,  
And him for their protector take :  
“ Than whom,” he says, “ none better knows,  
To guard them from surrounding foes.”  
The harmless race his lies believe,  
The robber for their guard receive ;  
Who soon with beak and talon shows  
What a vile patron they had chose.  
Says one, whom chance had still preserv'd,  
“ 'Tis what our folly has deserv'd !”

END OF BOOK THE FIRST.



## BOOK THE SECOND.

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### PROLOGUE.

ESOP, amongst the brutes, could find  
Examples to correct mankind :  
And when the instance well applied,  
All his intent was satisfied.  
His pointed style derives its fame  
From merit, not the author's name.  
In this, it is my constant plan,  
To imitate the good old man.  
And tho' I vary now and then  
My manner, with a lighter pen,  
My utmost to be short I try ;  
But while I boast of brevity,  
Against conciseness not to sin,  
I with this lesson will begin :

To importunity ne'er give  
What worth, unasking, should receive.

## FABLE I.

THE LION, THE ROBBER, AND THE  
TRAVELLER.

A LION on a heifer stood.  
A Robber, passing thro' the wood,  
Ask'd for a part : " To them who take,"  
The Lion says, " no gifts I make."  
A harmless Traveller by chance  
Appear'd ; not daring to advance.  
" My friend," says Leo, " nothing fear ;  
Approach, and take with you this share,  
Due to your modesty." This said,  
He to a neighbouring thicket sped,  
That his fair boon the honest stranger  
Might take without alarm of danger.

A conduct beautiful and rare,  
As is too often made appear,  
When impudence the prize obtains,  
And humble merit nothing gains.

## FABLE II.

## THE MAN AND HIS MISTRESSES.

LOVING or lov'd, from their good-man,  
Women take every thing they can.

One somewhat more than middle ag'd,  
At once two mistresses engag'd ;  
One an experienc'd coquette,  
Who knew with art to spread her net,  
And seem much younger than she was ;  
T'other a blooming, buxom lass.  
Each wishing to assimilate  
Her man, began to pluck his pate, }  
As to be comb'd he doting sat ;  
The young the grey, the old the brown,  
Till bald they left his addled crown.

## FABLE III.

## THE MAN AND THE DOG.

ONE whom a furious Dog had ript,  
Threw him a sop in blood well dipt ;  
*Which in some foolish book he found*  
*A recipe to cure the wound.*

When Esop thus,—“ conceal, I pray,  
From other Dogs the price you pay ;  
We all shall be devour’d alive,  
If such rewards for bites you give.”

Successful crimes the bad excite,  
And to worse wickedness invite.

---

## FABLE IV.

## THE EAGLE, THE CAT, AND THE SOW.

HER nest on high an Eagle made ;  
Lower a Cat her kittens laid ;

And at the bottom of the tree  
A Sow dispos'd her progeny.  
Vile Puss, to gain her wicked ends,  
Much love for both of them pretends.  
First to the Eagle's aerie mounts,  
And thus her false alarms recounts :  
" Madam, in truth our dangerous state,  
'Tis with reluctance I relate ;  
But things are really gone so far,  
Conceal them I no longer dare.  
Night after night the treacherous Sow  
Our tree has undermin'd below ;  
Ere long it cannot choose but fall,  
And then she hopes to eat us all."  
Successful when she saw her lies,  
Down to the bristly Sow she hies ;  
" My worthy neighbour !" crying out,  
" For God's sake mind what you're about !  
For to a certainty I know,  
The Eagle waits but till you go,  
(The thing with great concern I say)  
To make your little ones her prey."  
Suspicious dread when thus inspir'd,  
Puss to her hole all day retir'd ;  
Stealing at night on silent paw,  
To stuff her own and kittens' maw.  
To stir nor Sow nor Eagle dare.  
What more ? fell hunger ends their care ;



And long the mischief-making beast  
With her base brood on carrion feast.

Learn hence, ye simple, e'er too late,  
What ills the double-tongu'd create.

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### FABLE V.

#### CESAR TO HIS VALET.

THERE is a busy-body race,  
Infesting every public place ;  
Active in idleness, employ'd  
Unask'd, in nothings occupied ;  
With time not knowing what to do,  
Weigh on themselves and others too.  
—Come, listen to the following fable,  
And mend yourselves, if ye are able !

Cesar, to Naples as he went,  
A day at his fine villa spent,  
Built by Lucullus, whence you see  
The Tuscan main and Sicily.  
As he the pleasure-grounds went round,  
At every turn, in view was found

The same attendant, neatly drest  
In pantaloons and snowy vest,  
Through all the paths who tript before,  
With a small watering-pan he bore,  
Sprinkling on either hand the way,  
The air to cool and dust to lay ;  
And such officious haste displays,  
As laughter gains instead of praise.  
Tiberius, who knew the man,  
Perceiv'd at once his foolish plan.  
“ Halloo !” he says :—the varlet flies,  
Not doubting he had gain'd his prize.  
When thus to jest the Emperor deigns :  
—“ You work unbid and lose your pains ;  
For know my boxes on the ear,  
My friend, a higher premium bear \*”.

\* A blow on the ear (*alapa*) was the form of emancipating a slave.

## FABLE VI.

THE EAGLE, THE RAVEN AND THE  
TORTOISE.

Who in their foe united find  
Force, art, and a remorseless mind,  
Whate'er their strength and prowess be,  
To perish, stand in jeopardy.

An Eagle once a Tortoise held,  
Safe in his horny house conceal'd,  
Which he in vain essay'd to break  
With all the fury of his beak.  
As with his prey he wing'd the air,  
A wily Raven ventur'd near :  
" Your prize is excellent," says she,  
" And if you'll give a share to me,  
I know, for all his iron hide,  
How we the dainty may divide."  
The bargain made, " on yonder wall,  
Down," says the Raven, " let him fall."  
He listen'd to the hoary sinner ;  
And they on turtle made their dinner.

Thus fraud and force their purpose gain,  
And nature fortifies in vain.

## FABLE VII.

## THE MULES AND THE ROBBERS.

Two Mules, with each a heavy load,  
Journied together on the road.  
One carried gold, and went before ;  
The other sacks of barley bore.  
With crest erect the leader strode,  
And the bells jingled as he trode.  
The other meekly trudg'd along.  
A troop of robbers round them throng,  
The humble barley who despise,  
Intent to seize the richer prize.  
The first was wounded in the fray,  
And his rich lading borne away.  
Wailing his ills with sad lament,  
While t'other trotted on content ;  
" The scorn," he says, " I can endure,  
That makes my sacks and hide secure."

Upon the high great perils wait,  
Unfear'd by those of humbler state.

## FABLE VIII.

## THE STAG AND THE OXEN.

SCAR'D with approaching hunters' cries,  
A Stag precipitately flies ;  
For the next village blindly makes,  
And in a cow-house refuge takes.  
" What," says an Ox, who stabled there,  
" Ill-fated creature, seek you here ?  
Man's cruelty you try to shun,  
And to his roofs for shelter run !"  
The Stag replies, " Admit me, pray,  
Till I, unmark'd, can steal away."  
At night the neatherd fodder brought ;  
The Stag he neither saw nor sought ;  
And all the servants, to and fro,  
Without observing, come and go.  
The weary bailiff was the last,  
Who, like the rest, unweeting past.  
The Stag takes heart, thinks all is over,  
And meditates to seek his cover ;  
For their protection thanks the stable,  
And will return it when he's able.  
" We wish you safe," the Ox replies,  
" From him who has an hundred eyes ;

If he should come, 'tis to be fear'd,"—  
The master, while he spoke, appear'd ;  
Whose watchful care had lately seen,  
His servants negligent had been.  
Bustling he enters, " Hey !" says he,  
" What is this carelessness I see !  
More litter there, and clean this stall  
And rack ; the labour is but small !"  
As every nook he curious eyes,  
The Stag's unhappy horns he spies,  
The family then quickly calls ;  
And the poor beast a victim falls.

The reader from this fable learns,  
The master's eye still best discerns.

---

## EPILOGUE.

At Athens, Esop's statue plac'd,  
A slave with civic honours grac'd,  
Shews that to all it open lies,  
From worth, not family to rise.  
Tho' first, it is my care that he  
Shall not the only fabulist be.

His subjects, as I can, I treat ;  
And envy not, but emulate.  
Should Latium smile upon my pains,  
Another wreath from Greece she gains.  
My fame, if malice try to wound,  
The antidote within is found.  
While candid men my work approve,  
The rest my spleen will little move.  
Well should you judge my fictions teach ;  
Your approbation should they reach ;  
In happiness complaint is lost :  
And if my letter'd aim be crost,  
By carpers form'd to bark and bite,  
Let them growl on in reason's spite,  
Till fate, grown just, shall learn to be  
Asham'd of partiality.

END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

## BOOK THE THIRD.

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### PROLOGUE.

#### *TO EUTYCHUS.*

IF, dearest Eutychus, 'tis true,  
My works thou wishest to review,  
Take them, my worthy friend, with thee,  
In some calm hour of liberty.  
“ Truth, Sir,” methinks I hear you say,  
“ I’ve little time to throw away ;  
Some day perhaps i’ th’ long vacation,  
May suit such idle occupation.”—  
But would you then these trifles read ?  
Or rural sports not rather heed ;  
Or in suspended labours find  
Rest and vacuity of mind ?  
No ; listless or preoccupied,  
Better to cast my work aside.



Yet on such studies you must venture,  
Would you the Muses' temples enter.  
If I, first nurtur'd on the hill,  
Where springs the pure Pierian rill,  
And where the Nine, in piny grove,  
Mnemosyne produc'd to Jove ;  
Who care not riches to obtain,  
Nor honest praise would truck for gain ;  
Am still receiv'd, fastidiously,  
Among their choir ; how will it be  
With those who with unsleeping eye  
For wealth alone their labours ply ?  
*For me whatever may betide,*  
(As Sinon to old Priam cried,)  
More tales, to Esop's model true,  
I dedicate to fame and you :  
Glad should you relish them ; if not,  
To please posterity their lot.

Here something shortly I would teach  
Of fables' origin. To reach  
The potent criminal, a slave  
To beasts and birds a language gave.  
Wishing to strike, and yet afraid,  
Of these his instruments he made :  
For all that dove or lamb might say,  
Against them no indictment lay.  
I in a broader path have gone,  
And much have added of my own ;

And some, that in an ill-star'd hour,  
Provok'd the iron hand of power.  
Sejanus took at them offence;  
Accuser, judge, and evidence.  
But for the rest let none suspect  
On individuals I reflect.  
He who misconstrues so my lays,  
His conscience foolishly betrays :  
His pardon I will never ask.  
A personal satirist, no ; my task  
Is vice and folly to engage  
Of every clime and every age.  
A bold adventure, you may say,  
More credit than success will pay.  
Yet this could Phrygian Esop do,  
The Scythian Anacharsis too,  
And both have gain'd immortal fame.  
Why should not I acquire the same ?  
Or, (more of letter'd Greece than they)  
My native honours sleep away ?  
Than Thracia's bards, who sweeter sung ?  
Linus, from great Apollo sprung ;  
And Orpheus, whose enchanting lyre  
Could trees and stones with sense inspire,  
And rapid Hebrus' stream delay,  
To hear the muse-born poet play ?  
Envy avaunt ! nor vainly grieve,  
While my due praises I receive !

Read, then ; and what you think impart,  
With true sincerity of heart.

---

### FABLE I.

#### THE OLD WOMAN AND THE WINE-CASK.

A WINE-CASK met a Grandam's nose ;  
The scent was good that from it rose ;  
Falernian lees there still remain'd,  
Which their old odour had retain'd.  
“ What must,” says she, “ have been the wine,  
That leaves a fragrance so divine !”

Who know me, here perhaps will see,  
Something may be applied to me.

## FABLE II.

## THE PANTHER AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

EVIL with evil is repaid.

A Panther, in a pit-fall laid,  
Some shepherds found ; with clubs and stones,  
They did their best to break his bones.  
But one of a more generous nature  
Humanely fed the suffering creature.  
At night the shepherds went to bed,  
Thinking next day to find him dead.  
But renovate with rest and food,  
He leap'd the pit and gain'd the wood.  
In a few days again he came ;  
This visit was no more the same.  
Shepherds and sheep before him fall ;  
In his vast rage he slaughters all.  
He who had fed him, seiz'd with fear,  
Begg'd the fierce beast his life to spare ;  
When he,—“ Friend lay aside alarm ;  
Who gave me bread I will not harm ;  
Of those, with stones, who treated me,  
Alone, reveng'd I mean to be.”

## FABLE III.

## THE APE'S HEAD.

ONE ask'd a butcher, who had plac'd  
An ape upon his stall, the taste?  
" Master," the butcher laughing said,  
" Judge of the body by the head!"

This saying, in a moral view,  
Witty I rather hold, than true :  
Since vice with beauty oft is seen,  
And virtue with a homely mien.

---

## FABLE IV.

## ESOP TO AN INSOLENT FELLOW.

SUCCESSFUL crimes to ruin lead.

An insolent at Esop's head,  
Once threw a stone. Sly Esop gave  
A penny. " It is all I have,"

He said, " but yonder comes a man,  
Repay you well who will and can.  
Go, throw a stone at him, and see  
How handsome your reward will be !"  
The knave believ'd, and got his due ;  
Set in the stocks to public view.



## FABLE V.

## THE FLY AND THE HORSE.

A FLY upon a coach-box seated,  
With arrogance the Horses rated.  
" Advance !" cries out the paltry thing,  
" Unless you mean to feel my sting."  
" Not thee we heed," a Horse replied,  
" But him whose skilful hand can guide  
The reins and whip : We better know  
Than thee when we should stop or go."

Thus men without or sense or weight,  
Think themselves born to rule the state.

## FABLE VI.

## THE DOG AND THE WOLF.

IN this short tale an instance see,  
How dear is lovely liberty.

A Wolf with hunger gaunt and lean,  
Met a fat Mastiff on the green.  
They bow, salute, and stop to speak.  
“ I’m glad to see you look so sleek,  
You praise your keep,” says Wolf. “ ’Tis true ;  
Would I could say the same of you,”  
Sultan replies. “ My stomach’s good,”  
Wolf said, “ I only want the food :  
Pray may I ask you where you dine ?”  
—“ Your fare may be the same as mine,”  
Answer’d the Dog, “ if you’ll agree  
My office to partake with me.”  
—“ And pray what is it friend ?”—“ No more,  
Than from night-thieves to guard the door.”  
“ Your offer I receive with pleasure :  
To live in plenty, ease, and leisure,  
And shelter’d from the winds and snow !  
I cannot doubt ; come, let us go.”—  
As he on Sultan cast his eye,  
The collar’s mark he chanc’d to spy ;

—“Friend, what is that?”—“O, nothing.”—“Nay,  
Pray tell me.”—“Why, sometimes by day,  
To sleep they tie me up, that I  
At night may watch more wakefully ;  
Let out at evening I am free ;  
And then the servants bring to me  
Plenty of meat, with which at will,  
Full daintily my paunch I fill ;  
What say you ?”—“That I would refuse  
A crown, my liberty to lose.”

---

## FABLE VII.

## THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

HERE an apt lesson you may find,  
Often to look into your mind.

A man a son and daughter had ;  
Ugly the girl, right fair the lad.  
About their mother's chair at play,  
They found a looking-glass one day.  
He, pleas'd his beauty to have seen,  
Laught at his sister's homely mien.



Enrag'd, she to the father run  
With heavy charge against the son ;  
“ What shame,” she cries, “ that he, a boy,  
Should meddle with a female toy !”  
And did her best revenge to have,  
For what no female e'er forgave.  
The tender father both caress'd ;  
To each an equal love express'd ;  
And said, “ This glass shall daily be  
A lesson, girl, for him and thee ;  
That he his beauty ne'er disgrace ;  
That thou with worth supply its place.”


---

### FABLE VIII.

#### SOCRATES AND HIS FRIENDS.

THE name of friend we often hear ;  
But the reality is rare.

Good Socrates (O name rever'd !  
Whose fame and fate I would have shar'd)  
A house was building. Says a man,  
“ Why build you on so small a plan ?”



The Sage replies : " Though small, I fear  
There's more than room for friends sincere."

---

## FABLE IX.

## ON CREDULITY.

'Tis wrong, I here an instance give,  
Too much or little to believe.

Hippolytus is doom'd to die,  
By Theseus's credulity.  
Cassandra's warning all despise,  
And lofty Troy in ashes lies.  
A groundless judgment to avoid,  
Weigh all things well e'er you decide.  
But not to rest on ancient story,  
A recent fact I lay before ye.

One had a wife he lov'd, and son  
Just ready for the manly gown.  
A wicked slave, who had his ear,  
Hoping the inheritance to share,  
Tells of the youth a hundred lies,  
And loads the wife with calumnies :

Said, " an adulterer often came,  
The story was a public shame."  
The credulous man a journey feign'd ;  
At night by stealth his house regain'd,  
To his wife's bed-chamber he goes,  
Where she had made her son repose,  
With care maternal. While a light  
Was looking for, grown frantic quite,  
Approaching in the dark a bed,  
He of a man perceiv'd the head :  
With rage that jealous pangs impart,  
He struck a dagger to his heart.  
Lights brought, he saw what he had done ;  
His sleeping wife, his murder'd son,  
From the youth's breast the weapon drawn,  
He plung'd incessant in his own.  
The wife, because she was his heir,  
The shafts of envy did not spare.  
Accus'd, the hapless wretch appear'd  
To the *Centumviri*, who heard  
The proofs and pleadings on each side ;  
And to Augustus then applied,  
Their sentence to direct, they said,  
Lest they in error should be led.  
The mists of calumny dispell'd,  
Cesar at last this judgment held :  
—" The slave alone I guilty find :  
To the sad widow, left behind,

Bereft of child and husband too,  
Compassion and not blame is due.  
Had but the father wiser been,  
And with less blindfold passion seen,  
He and his house had stood entire,  
Not perish'd by a fate so dire."

Hear all ; but do not sentence give  
Too soon ; for those we most believe,  
Are sometimes false ; and the sincere  
Sometimes suspiciously appear :  
Not too much confidence to show,  
The simplest sense from this may know,  
That men are by their passions guided,  
By hate or favour oft decided :  
Of that we can be sure alone,  
Which we ourselves have seen and known.

This story is for you intended,  
Who with my shortness are offended.

## FABLE X.

## THE CRIPPLE TO THE REPROBATE.

ONCE to a Reprobate replied  
A Cripple,—“ You who thus deride  
My ills with foolish insolence,  
When will you learn a little sense ?  
Though weak in body, you will find  
In me no impotence of mind.  
My want of strength I chiefly rue,  
Not to chastise such fools as you.”

Since God has made us as we are,  
To scoff his work let no man dare.  
For ills alone men are to blame,  
Which through their pride or folly came.

## FABLE XI.

## THE COCK AND THE PEARL.

A COCK, in scratching up the ground,  
A Pearl upon a dunghill found.  
“How fine a thing,” he sneering cries,  
“For such a place! How great a prize,  
For who thy lustre could restore!  
A barleycorn had pleas’d me more:  
Thou of no value art to me,  
And I can nothing do for thee!”

To you this fable I relate  
My works who falsely estimate.

---

## FABLE XII.

## THE BEES AND THE DRONES.

SOME lazy Drones their action laid,  
For honey that the Bees had made.

Before the Wasp the cause was tried,  
Who knew the parties on each side ;  
And as a ground for his decision,  
He made to both this proposition :  
“ So like you are in hue and make,  
Between you one might well mistake ;  
Now, then, to make the matter clear,  
Take each of you a hive, and here  
Begin to work ; we soon shall see  
Whose honeycomb shall likest be  
To this you claim.”—The Bees agree ;  
The Drones refuse : The judge at last,  
Upon the case this sentence past :  
“ ’Tis plain to whom belongs the hoard :  
To the Bees let it be restor’d.”

The Drones in peace I might have left  
To live, as they are wont, on theft,  
Had they the sentence not rejected,  
When they the umpire had selected.

## FABLE XIII.

## ESOP AT PLAY.

WHEN an Athenian Esop saw,  
Playing with school-boys once at taw,  
The man with laughter shook his sides ;  
Esop the laughter thus derides :  
“ Of this slack bow before you laid,  
The meaning, sprightly Sir,” he said,  
“ Explain !” (A crowd had gather’d round.)  
Surpris’d, the man no answer found :  
He puzzled long, but all his wit  
Could on no explanation hit.  
The laugh on Esop’s side ; says he,  
“ Why you this bow unbended see,  
It is because it needs must break,  
If always bent ; so we must take  
Due relaxation, that the mind  
Its vigour may when wanted find.”

He who in harmless sport employs  
A vacant hour, is not unwise.



## FABLE XIV.

## THE DOG AND THE LAMB.

A SHEPHERD'S Dog a Lamb who spied,  
Following a goat as mother, cried,  
" Idiot, thy dam who dost not know !  
She's yonder with the flock below."  
" Not her I follow as my dam,  
Who brought me forth," replies the Lamb,  
" To please herself, then left me there ;  
But her whose kind maternal care  
To cherish me has nothing spar'd,  
While with her kids the milk I shar'd ;  
And stinted them to nourish me."  
" Thy mother more deserves of thee,"  
Answer'd the Dog.—" And pray why so,  
Or white or black who does not know  
If I was born, or ram or ewe ?  
More filial duty sure is due,  
To who parental cares impart,  
From pure benevolence of heart,  
Than mere existence who supply,  
Impell'd by blind necessity."

By this is to be understood,  
That benefits bind more than blood.

## FABLE XV.

## THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE OWL.

MANNERS compliant and humane  
Attachment and good will obtain ;  
Rudeness and insolence provoke,  
Unpitied, anger's rudest stroke.

A Grasshopper's incessant din  
Disturb'd an Owl, repos'd within  
A hollow tree ; who slept by day  
And roam'd at night in search of prey.  
When civilly desir'd to cease,  
He shriller sings ; and more increase  
His cries, as more his neighbour prays.  
A plan the angry Night-bird lays  
The noisy arrogant to seize.—  
“ Since I should sleep you do not please,  
That voice, that with Apollo's vies,  
Merits the liquor of the skies ;  
A little nectar here I have,  
My patroness Minerva gave ;  
Together let us drink.”—The Fly  
Accepts ; with heat and singing dry ;  
And flatter'd with the praise, ascends  
To the Owl's nest, who there attends,

And crushes in a moment dead ;  
“ Now, insolent !” the Night-bird said,  
“ At last in quiet I may live ;  
Thy death alone repose could give.”

---

## FABLE XVI.

## THE TREES PROTECTED BY THE GODS.

IN days of yore, each God selected  
A Tree, by him to be protected :  
Phœbus the Bay ; the Oak was Jove’s ;  
The beauteous Mother of the Loves  
The Myrtle chose ; the Poplar tree,  
Alcides : the Pine, Cybele.  
“ Why,” says Minerva, “ do you please  
To choose such unproductive trees ?”  
Because,” says Jove, “ we would not seem  
To give for profit our esteem.”  
Pallas replies, “ say what you will,  
I love my useful Olive still,  
For its good fruit.” Then father Jove,—  
“ O wisest of the powers above !  
Thou well hast said ! true worth alone  
By its utility is shown.”

## FABLE XVII.

## JUNO AND THE PEACOCK.

A PEACOCK once upbraided heaven,  
Who, little favouring, had not given  
To him the nightingale's sweet note :  
" Whene'er," he says, " I stretch my throat,  
All laugh, but stand enchanted round  
To listen to his charming sound :"  
" To thee," says Juno in reply,  
(Her favourite bird to satisfy)  
" Nature has grace and colour lent,  
Enough the vainest to content ;  
A neck that with the emerald vies ;  
A train thick gemm'd with golden eyes."  
" Without a voice, ah ! what avail,"  
He says, " the crest or gaudy tail !"  
" To each," the Goddess answers, " Fate  
Has given what best becomes his state ;  
Strength to the Eagle, form to thee,  
To Philomel sweet melody,  
To the wise Raven times to know,  
And divination to the Crow ;  
Each with his lot contented lives,  
Nor asks for more than nature gives."

Learn to enjoy the goods possesst ;  
And leave unenvied all the rest.

---

## FABLE XVIII.

ESOP TO A PRATER.

Esop, the only servant there,  
When order'd dinner to prepare,  
Went to a neighbour's house to take  
A light, his kitchen fire to make.  
As he return'd, intent on haste,  
For shortness he the market pass'd :  
A would-be wit, amongst the crowd,  
Laughing, to Esop calls aloud :  
" Ho ! master Esop ! is it you ?  
What, sunshine and a candle too !  
What are you looking for ?" " A man,"  
Esop replied, as on he ran.  
Expressing by this repartee,  
No man he counted him to be,  
Who seeing one with business press'd,  
Would stop him for an idle jest.

## EPILOGUE.

IF I no more my work pursue,  
’Tis I no more would trouble you,  
On whom a thousand cares repose.  
Then I would something leave for those  
Who follow the same course ; though here,  
’Tis true, there is not much to fear,  
For boundless nature will supply  
Perpetual variety.  
In arts what fail is never hers,  
Not subjects but artificers ;  
And now I ask, my labours done,  
Of *brevity* the promis’d boon,  
My time admits of no delay,  
The dregs of age run swift away,  
Give, that you may not give in vain,  
While something yet of life remain.  
When tottering on the verge of fate,  
Your benefits would come too late.  
And soon the hour must be at hand,  
When death his debit will demand.  
But why do I his bounty move,  
So many, undemanding, prove ?  
From whom a fault confess’d obtains  
What merit from another gains ?

And you it fits to take the lead,  
That others may to you succeed ;  
Then so on my deserts decide  
That your opinion be my pride.  
If more I say than I design,  
'Tis hard the spirit to confine,  
That conscious of untainted breast,  
Is by the insolent oppress'd.  
Ask you of these ? To know forbear  
At present ; they will soon appear.  
A sentence, when a boy I read  
In Ennius, oft is in my head—  
*The slave who murmurs soon will feel,*  
*His wrongs 'tis safest to conceal—*  
A maxim, my unhappy lot,  
Too sadly proves to be forgot.

END OF BOOK THE THIRD.

## BOOK THE FOURTH.

---

### PROLOGUE.

#### TO PARTICULO.

I THOUGHT my labours to have done,  
And left to others to go on.  
That I was wrong my reason cries ;  
For should another fabulist rise,  
He would another plan invent,  
Nor with my leavings be content :  
Each to some turn of thought is prone ;  
A style and colouring of his own.  
This has induc'd me to pursue  
My ancient method ; and since you,  
Particulo, my fables please,  
With fost'ring hand accept of these ;  
Tales I will *Esopean* call,  
Rather than Esop's, since not all



Of them are his, but many mine,  
Though to his manner they incline.  
This short fourth book at *Varia* read,  
The critic's bark I will not heed ;  
Let them rail on, who yet in vain  
Would imitate the envied strain :  
Contented, while my praise shall be,  
That thou, dear friend, and such as thee,  
My writings to your copyists give,  
Worth in your libraries to live ;  
Where that ripe fame they may acquire,  
Is, I confess, my first desire.

---

## FABLE I.

## THE ASS AND THE GIPSIES.

HIM whom the fates to misery doom,  
Disgrace pursues beyond the tomb.

Gipsies, to bear their baggage, led  
An Ass, o'ercharg'd and scanty fed :  
Of blows and poverty he died.  
The Gipsies stript the wretch's hide,

---

**To** make a drum ; which, beaten still,  
**Seem'd** a continuance of ill.

---

## FABLE II.

## THE WEASEL AND THE OLD MOUSE.

**I** PLAYFUL sing ; and often when  
The subject leads, let loose my pen.  
But weigh these trifles in your mind,  
Where will you graver lessons find ?  
Things are but rarely what they seem ;  
Yet by their outsides most men deem  
Of all they see ; nor scrutinize  
The deeper sense that latent lies.  
That not unauthoris'd I preach,  
The Weasel and the Mice shall teach.

A certain Weasel worn with age,  
The Mice no longer could engage.  
He roll'd himself in meal, and lay  
In a dark corner near the way  
Where pass'd the Mice : One came to eat,  
Himself was eaten. Still for meat

Another and another came ;  
Their hapless fate was still the same.  
When these and many more had pass'd,  
A wrinkled veteran came at last,  
Who many a prank himself had play'd,  
And scoff of traps and nooses made.  
The trick he in a moment spies,  
And from a proper distance cries,  
“ As much good luck attend on thee  
As thou art what thou seem'st to be !”

---

### FABLE III.

#### THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

A Fox all efforts us'd in vain,  
Some tempting clusters to obtain,  
Which hung too high : “ Yon Grapes,” says he,  
Are sour ; I'll wait till ripe they be.”

A common tribe this fable shews,  
Who what they cannot reach, abuse.

## FABLE IV.

## THE HORSE AND THE BOAR.

WHERE a Horse went to quench his thirst,  
A wallowing Boar still enter'd first,  
Muddying the stream. The Horse, enrag'd,  
To take his part a man engag'd,  
Who mounts his back, and shoots a dart,  
Right aim'd, that pierc'd the offender's heart.  
" 'Tis well you call'd on me for aid,"  
The horseman said, " I'm well repaid,  
On such a useful beast to sit :"  
Then forc'd into his mouth a bit.  
When thus the sorrowing Horse,—“ I sought  
For vengeance on a venial fault,  
And madly servitude have caught.” }

Ye cholerick learn a lesson here,  
That vengeance may be paid too dear.

## FABLE V.

## ÆSOP'S DECISION.

THAT one in counsel may excel  
A number, let this fable tell.

A man three daughters left behind :  
One fair, whose eye to love inclin'd ;  
Another of a frugal nature ;  
The third a homely, drunken creature.  
The father his estate divided  
Amongst the three, and thus decided :  
“ That by the mother the bequest  
Should be so given, that none possess  
The goods bestow'd : This done, that they  
Should each the mother duly pay  
A thousand pounds.”—The story made  
Much talk in Athens. When afraid  
Of doing wrong, the mother sent  
For lawyers, no one could invent  
So to dispose of the bequest,  
That given, it should not be possess.  
After much vain deliberation,  
Producing no determination,  
The mother, leaving law behind,  
To each what most she wish'd assign'd :

To the coquette gems, lace, brocade ;  
Rich farms to the industrious maid ;  
And of the drunken, lazy sot,  
Well furnish'd cellars were the lot.  
Having thus settled the donation,  
With universal approbation ;  
Esop stept forward from the crowd,  
And to the assembly cried aloud,  
“ O how the dead, if dead men see,  
Will mock at your simplicity,  
That in all Athens none remain  
Who can this legacy explain !”  
Ask'd *his* opinion, they might have,  
He this interpretation gave :  
“ The wine-vaults and the house in town  
The girl of housewifery must own ;  
Let her the robes and jewels share  
Whose table is her only care ;  
Give to the beauty lands and beeves :  
Thus none will keep what she receives,  
But to get rid of will make haste,  
Things so discordant to her taste ;  
The sot her gems exchange for wine ;  
The gay her meadows to go fine ;  
The house and wines the rustic give,  
In rural industry to live ;  
Then what was given, by none possess'd,  
The mother claims her due bequest.”

-

Thus one man's judgment could explain  
What Athens had explor'd in vain.

---

## FABLE VI.

THE BATTLE OF THE MICE AND THE  
WEASELS.

THE vanquish'd Mice, with doleful mien,  
(As daub'd in ale-house you have seen)  
From the victorious Weasels fled,  
In their small holes to hide their head.  
The chiefs had tied upon their crest  
Horns, to be noted from the rest  
In battle by the rallying host ;  
And with these cumbrous honours crost,  
Stuck in the entrances, and so  
Were taken by the greedy foe.

When tempests shake the public weal }  
The great their utmost fury feel ; }  
Th' obscure 'tis easy to conceal.

## FABLE VII.

## PHEDRUS TO HIS CRITICS.

Wise Critics, who my fables cite,  
And weigh as grave what should be light,  
I here will try, to please you bent,  
Esop on buskins to present :—  
“ Why, Peleus, did thy pine-trees tall  
Beneath Thessalian axes fall ?  
Why Pallas lend too fatal aid,  
That Jason’s fleet might first invade  
Euxine’s inhospitable shore,  
And her tempestuous seas explore ?  
Greeks and barbarians curs’d the gales  
That prosperous swell’d his parting sails ;  
Dim sorrow veil’d the Ectian climes,  
Sad region of Medea’s crimes,  
Whose genius arts forbidden dar’d :  
A brother’s life the charm prepar’d ;  
With soul to deeds of death inur’d,  
His scatter’d limbs her flight secur’d ;  
Daughters, with direful spells misled,  
Touch’d with their impious hands a father’s head.”  
—What say you sirs ?—“ Bombast and old ;  
And you a falsity have told ;



For angry Minos, long before,  
Had sail'd to the Egean shore,  
And a just vengeance ta'en."—'Tis true;  
Then what, wise Catos, must I do  
Your praise to gain, since I'm unable  
With epic or domestic fable?  
E'en to inquire no more about it,  
And live contentedly without it.

I speak to the fastidious crew  
Who heaven would blame their wit to shew.



### FABLE VIII.

#### THE VIPER AND THE FILE.

WITH envious tooth who others tear,  
May find their bite retorted here.

A Viper in a cutler's shop,  
Sought on some eatable to drop;  
He bit a File; with haughty tone  
Who said, "Vain fool! let me alone;  
Thinks thou that he thy tooth will feel,  
Who bites himself the hardest steel?"

## FABLE IX.

## THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

WHEN dangers press, a cunning man  
does by any means he can.

Fox had fall'n into a pit,  
could no way get out of it.  
Thirsty Goat hard by who stood,  
"Neighbour is the water good?"  
"excellent," the Fox replied,  
"ere remain unsatisfied;  
"e down, my friend, take my advice."  
Goat-beard went down, and in a trice  
hard climb'd out upon his head,  
left him prisoner in his stead.

## FABLE X.

## THE TWO WALLETS.

Jove has to man two sacks assign'd ;  
One hangs before and one behind ;  
In *this* our own defects we hide,  
*That* is with other mens' supplied.

Hence comes it, to our own though blind,  
Another's faults we quickly find.

---

## FABLE XI.

## THE THIEF ROBBING THE ALTAR.

HIS lanthorn at Jove's Altar lit,  
A Robber, by the light of it,  
Pillag'd the shrines ; and as away  
He bore his sacrilegious prey,  
A voice that from the sanctuary call'd,  
Thus his ferocity appall'd :

“ Though wicked men, whose bribes I hate,  
Those offerings gave, not less thy fate,  
Thou impious wretch, shall surely be,  
To pay with life the penalty.  
As now prescrib'd, the hour shall come,  
For thy inevitable doom.  
And that henceforth the sacred fire,  
Lighted devotion to inspire,  
May shine for no flagitious deed,  
That none shall take it, is decreed.”  
Hence is the rite, that no one dare  
The consecrated fuel share, }  
Or with unhallow'd flame repair.

The moral that this tale contains,  
He who invents it thus explains,  
That what we cherish, and suppose  
Useful, oft turns to ill ; that those  
Who God offend, will soon or late  
Suffer their retributed fate ;  
And last, that to the best of things  
The vile contamination brings.

## FABLE XII.

## HERCULES AND PLUTUS.

THE honours that are bought and sold  
The brave in detestation hold.

Alcides, for his labours past,  
Was into Heaven receiv'd at last.  
The Gods saluting, still his eye  
From Plutus turn'd; Jove ask'd him why?  
"I hate the God who virtue scorns,"  
Says he, "and all with gold suborns."

---

## FABLE XIII.

## THE LION KING.

THAN truth we nought more useful know,  
And yet the following tale may show,  
The danger to be too sincere,  
With those all-powerful who are.

A Lion o'er the beasts who reign'd,  
An equitable conduct feign'd ;  
And satisfied with moderate food,  
Appear'd to seek the nation's good.  
But weary, nature to restrain,  
Yet show of justice to maintain,  
He with this plot his courtiers snar'd :  
" That he was sick," the King declar'd,  
" That sleep and appetite he wanted,  
And he believ'd his breath was tainted."  
The Bear was ask'd ; who, blunt and rough,  
Says, " Yes, you stink, Sir, sure enough."  
Decided quick poor Bruin's fate is ;  
Guilty of *Læsus Majestatis*.  
The Ape then swore, " That to his nose  
'Twas cassia, cinnamon, and rose ;"  
And by the law was doom'd to swing,  
For lies and flattery to the King.  
The Fox came next, who from the scrape  
Did by this subterfuge escape :  
" I with a cold am so unwell,"  
He says, " I've neither taste nor smell ;  
But here's the Fox-hound, who for scent,  
As we all know is excellent."  
True courtier, he avoids the snare  
To place his adversary there.

## FABLE XIV.

## THE HE AND SHE GOATS.

WHEN the She-goats had beards obtain'd  
From Jupiter, the males complain'd  
Their dignity was lost : says Jove,  
" This need not your displeasure move :  
While you superior strength retain,  
This vain appearance let them gain."

Learn hence to let another shine  
In fortune's gifts : Be virtue thine.

---

## FABLE XV.

## THE OLD PILOT AND THE SAILORS.

To one complaining of his fate,  
Esop this fable did relate.

A ship by raging tempests tost,  
 The seamen, giving all for lost,  
 'Twas who should weep and pray the most. }  
 Grown calm at once the sky and sea,  
 They shout in joyful extacy.  
 The Pilot, from experience wise,  
 The giddy crew did thus advise :  
 " Nor much rejoice, nor over grieve,  
 But decently what comes receive ;  
 Since good and ill succeed so near,  
 Meet ill with hope and good with fear."

---

## FABLE XVI.

## THE EMBASSY OF THE DOGS TO JUPITER.

THE Dogs sent deputies to Jove,  
 His pity for their state to move ;  
 " Of man they liv'd in constant dread,  
 Were buffeted about," they said, }  
 " And with the vilest offals fed."  
 As idly loitering they came on,  
 Amongst some dung they found a bone.



Summon'd at levee to appear,  
Their Excellencies were not there.  
And sought by Hermes' order round,  
Were feeding on a dunghill found.  
Brought to the audience, when they saw  
Jove's dreadful face, o'ercome with awe,  
They cack'd on the celestial floors,  
And straight were cudgell'd out of doors ;  
But Jove forbid to send away.  
The Dogs, surpris'd at their delay,  
Suspecting something might be wrong,  
Others resolv'd to send along ;  
And as mean while the trump of fame  
Had bruited the others' shame,  
These to dispatch e'er they presume,  
They fig their bottoms with perfume.  
Arriv'd, in haste to court they come ;  
And usher'd to the presence-room,  
The doors expand ; great Jove they see  
Enthron'd in clouded majesty ;  
The thunder rolls, Olympus shakes,  
And every Dog with terror quakes ;  
And spite of all the curs could do,  
Out squirts perfume and ordure too.  
This second insult all enrages,  
Guards, ushers, chamberlains, and pages,  
Who, lowly bending, one and all  
For vengeance on the culprits call.

"Envoy," says Jove, "we must respect,  
Yet not to punish these neglect.  
Dismiss them not; but 'tis my will  
Their bellies they no more shall fill,  
Lest they again our nose offend:  
And those such deputies that send  
Must never more of man complain;  
Our pity they would move in vain."  
Whether they e'er return'd or no,  
From history we do not know;  
But dogs e'er since smell dogs behind,  
Their lost ambassadors to find.

---

## FABLE XVII

## THE MAN AND THE SERPENT.

Who to the wicked aid has lent,  
Will soon find reason to repent.

A Man a frozen Snake caress'd,  
And plac'd, imprudent, on his breast.  
Reviv'd, he stung him to the heart.  
When ask'd his motive to impart;

“ That all,” he said, “ may learn to know  
No pity to the bad to show.”

---

### FABLE XVIII.

#### THE FOX AND THE DRAGON.

A Fox extending under ground  
Her earth, a Dragon's cavern found,  
Where he o'er hidden treasures brooded ;  
—“ Begg'd pardon thus to have intruded ;  
Without offence, if he might ask,  
Why undergo the irksome task,  
Darkling, to watch what ne'er can be  
Of use to such as you and me ?  
What secret happiness requites  
Your lonesome days and sleepless nights ?”  
“ None,” he replies : “ 'Tis Jove's high will.”  
—“ Then gratis you this office fill ?”  
—“ E'en so.”—“ In truth, Sir, I must own,  
A harder fate was never known.”

Why wretched mortals, soon to go  
Where your forefathers rot below ;

Why, misers, for unthankful heirs,  
Torment your souls with endless cares ?  
No melodies your sadness cheer,  
Nor harp nor dulcimer you hear ;  
Nor rest nor warmth nor food supplied,  
E'en incense to the Gods denied ;  
You cheat the rich and grind the poor,  
To aggravate a barren store.  
When weary of your perjuries,  
Your wretched exit Heaven decrees,  
A grave, in earth unhallow'd, choose,  
To cheat the sexton of his dues ;  
But there to cunning bid adieu ;  
The devil is sharper still than you.

---

## FABLE XIX.

PHEDRUS OF HIS FABLES.

ENVY, for all your outside show,  
How you decry my work I know !  
All that is neat you say I had  
From Esop, mine whate'er is bad.  
To those to me so ill inclin'd  
I answer thus : " Esop design'd,

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And I have polish'd :” On I write,  
Undauntedly in envy’s spight.

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## FABLE XX.

## SIMONIDES SHIPWRECKED.

PLAC’D where fate will, the wise can find  
Resource perpetual in his mind.

Simonides, whose tuneful lyre  
Joy and compassion could inspire,  
Through Asia went from town to town,  
Singing for money and renown,  
Of those who conquer’d in the course.  
His poverty by this resource  
Was so reliev’d, with gifts he earn’d,  
Rich tow’rds his Cea he return’d.  
A tempest, as his voyage he made,  
Attack’d the ship ; with age decay’d  
She founder’d : and each tried to save  
Something of value from the wave.  
One to Simonides then cried,  
“ You nothing take ?” The sage replied,

" I take myself, I want no more."  
With labour some attain'd the shore,  
Others, with burdens charg'd, were drown'd ;  
And those who 'scap'd, by thieves were found.  
Naked they reach'd the neighbouring town  
Clazomene, of old renown.  
A lover of poetic art,  
Who knew Simonides by heart,  
And long with ardour had desir'd  
To see the man he most admir'd,  
Delighted such a guest to have,  
Clothes, money, all he wanted, gave.  
The poet met his comrades, poor,  
Begging for alms from door to door,  
And said, " I told you, as you see,  
I carry every thing with me."

---

## FABLE XXI.

## THE MOUNTAIN IN LABOUR.

A MOUNTAIN labouring to bring forth ;  
The world expects a mighty birth.  
Out comes a mouse. For you this fable,  
Mighty in words, in deeds unable.

## FABLE XXII.

## THE ANT AND THE FLY.

BETWEEN an Emmet and a Fly,  
Which was the better, words run high.  
“What !” says the Fly, “my rustic friend,  
To equal me dost thou pretend ?  
I who my home of temples make,  
And of the holocaust partake ;  
Perch on a crown, or nectar sip  
From the chaste virgin’s balmy lip ;  
Who never work, yet all things share,  
Dar’st thou thyself with me compare ?”  
“That it is glorious, I agree,  
Companion of the Gods to be,”  
Replied the Ant, “but ’tis for those  
Invited, not for him who goes  
Unask’d. ’That you frequent, you say,  
The fanes ?—Yes, to be driv’n away.  
Favours from kings and belles you vaunt ?  
You steal, my friend, they do not grant.  
You never work ? in penury  
You live ; while in abundance, I  
From ample store my want supply ;  
In summer buzzing loud you come,  
The winter’s cold soon makes you dumb ;

**You** perish, while I safe abide—  
**But** I enough have check'd you pride."

We from this apologue may learn  
**Boasting** from merit to discern.

---

### FABLE XXIII.

SIMONIDES PRESERVED BY THE GODS.

How high mankind the learned hold  
I've shewn; and you shall now be told,  
How by the Gods they are esteem'd.

Simonides (the same redeem'd  
From shipwreck) for a set reward,  
Agreed in lyrics to record  
A wrestler's fame. To work retir'd,  
And by his subject ill inspir'd,  
With licence due, his theme to raise,  
He of immortals sung the praise,  
Castor and Pollux: and with art  
From them deduc'd the wrestler's part.



Of the fixt price a third was paid;  
The rest requir'd, the wrestler said,  
" 'Tis not from me, but from the two  
You praise so well, the rest is due ;  
But not to quarrel, pray, Sir, come  
To night ; I sup with friends at home."  
The bard, though much dissatisfied,  
Thought better what he felt to hide,  
And went ; magnificent the feast,  
Convivial bumpers joyous past :  
When to the couch where he was plac'd  
A little slave approach'd in haste :  
" Two youths," he said, " are at the gate ;  
To see you instantly they wait ;  
Dusty and heated they appear,  
Of more than mortal beauty fair."  
He rose, and scarce had stept beyond  
The threshold, when with dreadful sound  
The roof upon the rest fell down  
And slew them. But the youths were gone.

The Gods to pay the honours giv'n,  
And save his life, had come from Heav'n.

## EPILOGUE.

*TO PARTICULO.*

THOUGH many subjects might be found,  
And follies copiously abound ;  
Wit, like the rest, should modest be,  
And still avoid satiety.  
Receive what I have finish'd then,  
Particulo, thou best of men !  
To whom my verse a name shall give,  
Long as the Latin tongue shall live.  
If not my genius you approve,  
My brevity at least you love ;  
A quality in verse so rare,  
Of praise may surely claim its share.

END OF BOOK THE FOURTH.

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## BOOK THE FIFTH.

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### PROLOGUE.

Esop's name I often use,  
honour him I ne'er refuse ;  
then, like other artists, I  
shelter in antiquity.  
as in bronze ; in Parian stone  
attests the work must own ;  
picture, Zeuxis ; the wrought plate  
Myron bears the mark and date.  
d by these venerable names,  
y, deceiv'd, foregoes her claims.  
men by names decided are,  
from the following tale appear.

## FABLE I.

## DEMETRIUS AND MENANDER.

DEMETRIUS, Phalareus surnam'd,  
For conquering Athens' freedom fam'd,  
The populace, as is their way,  
Still ran to meet with loud huzza,  
While humbl'd nobles kiss'd the hand  
That held them in despotic band.  
And they, submissive to their fate,  
Groaning in secret o'er their state,  
Who liv'd retir'd, would oft resort,  
For fear of blame, to pay their court.  
With these one day Menander came ;  
Whose comic scenes, well known to fame,  
Demetrius with delight had read,  
But knew him not. With frizzl'd head,  
Dropping perfumes, in silken vest,  
Soft, languid step, and all the rest  
That marks loose manners, from afar  
The tyrant saw the man appear.  
" Who is that pathic wretch," said he,  
" Dares thus present himself to me ?"  
" Sir, 'tis Menander, of renown  
For writing comedies," says one.

" Bid him come forward from the crowd ;  
Much to a man may be allow'd,  
Whose merits we so justly prize,"  
Replied the Prince ; " but I advise,  
The rest of you should never try,  
Public opinion to defy."

---

## FABLE II.

## THE TRAVELLERS AND THE ROBBER.

A FOOTPAD once two soldiers found,  
One fled, the other stood his ground,  
And slew the thief. The combat done,  
The coward ventur'd to come on ;  
Sword drawn, and mantle cast aside,  
" Leave him to me," he blust'ring cried,  
" Leave him to me, he soon shall know  
With what a man he has to do."  
The brave companion, smiling, said,  
" This boasting somewhat had bestead  
Anon, and made me feel more bold ;  
Your worth I need not now be told ;

Put up your sword and hold your tongue ;  
When those who know you not among,  
Pass for a hero if you can,  
But not with me, I've tried my man ;  
For swiftness you've my approbation,  
But fighting is not your vocation."

This fable does to those belong,  
In action weak, in boasting strong ;  
Their aid unwanted, who stand by you,  
But in a doubtful moment fly you.



### FABLE III.

#### THE BALD-MAN AND THE FLY.

A FLY once bit a Bald-man's head.  
Thinking to strike the creature dead,  
He gave himself a painful blow,  
And let the little culprit go.  
The Fly went laughing off, and cried,  
" The stroke, good Sir, was well applied ;  
Had you not death design'd for me,  
Less painful now your bruise would be."

"The pain I've given myself," replies  
The Man, "I readily despise,  
Because it was against my will ;  
But those whose nature prompts to ill,  
Who live by sucking others' blood,  
I would extirpate if I could."

By fate or sudden impulse driv'n,  
Who reckless sins, may be forgiv'n ;  
On who deliberately does ill,  
Her utmost let the law fulfil.

---

#### FABLE IV.

##### THE MAN AND THE ASS.

ONE offer'd Hercules a boar,  
Vow'd, should the god his health restore.  
Some barley left he gave his Ass,  
Who turn'd away, crying, "alas,  
On this I willingly should feed,  
Had I not seen its owner bleed !"

Taught by this Ass, I've ever fled  
Unhallow'd gain ; for though 'tis said



Possession gives the right, we see  
But few rapacious men go free:  
Temerity sometimes succeeds,  
But oftener to destruction leads.

---

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FABLE V.

THE BUFFOON AND THE CLOWN.

By partial preference when misled,  
Fashion decides in judgment's stead;  
And men are driv'n, to their confusion,  
To some ridiculous conclusion.

A rich man gave a public shew;  
And to exhibit something new,  
Engag'd the skill'd in comic arts,  
With high rewards from various parts.  
Amongst the rest a noted wag  
Did of a talent loudly brag,  
No theatre had seen, he said.  
The mob, with novelty still led,  
Soon fill'd the house. The man alone  
Appear'd, and in a common gown;

While mute attention held the crowd,  
His head into his robe he bow'd,  
And so much like a porket squeal'd,  
All cried he held a pig conceal'd.  
With vast applause, when none was found,  
Pit, box, and gallery resound.  
A Clown, who came the sports to view,  
Declaring he could better do,  
Challeng'd the Farcer to appear  
To-morrow, when he would be there.  
Resolv'd their favourite to support,  
Next day a greater crowd resort ;  
And not to judge the cause sit down,  
But to deride the hapless Clown.  
They come ; the Farcer grunted first ;  
Applause from every quarter burst ;  
The Peasant, swelling then his cloak,  
Seeming to hide a pig in poke,  
Which in reality was there,  
Began to pinch him by the ear,  
And tweak'd so hard, that with the pain,  
The creature squeak'd and squall'd amain.  
Hisses and cat-calls pierce the air,  
And loudly one and all declare,     }  
The Farcer best, without compare.     }  
The Rustic then his pig display'd,  
And to the crest-fall'n audience said,

“ Here you a damning proof may see  
With what sound judgment you decree.”

---

### FABLE VI.

#### THE TWO BALD PATES.

A BALD-MAN found a comb ; another  
By chance came by, and call'd out, “ brother !  
My share I claim ;” he shews the prize ;  
“ Fortune would favour us,” he cries ;  
“ Her bounty comes, alas, too late,  
A comb is for a younger pate.”

Your lives in idle projects past,  
Thus, fools, you will complain at last.

## FABLE VIII.

## PRINCE THE PIPER.

THE vain are easily deceiv'd ;  
 Who flatters most, is most believ'd.

A certain Piper, Prince his name,  
 Had with the town acquir'd some fame  
 For playing to Bathyllus' dance.  
 A scene, when shifting, fell by chance  
 And broke his leg : borne groaning home,  
 For many months he could not come.  
 The connoisseurs ask'd much about him,  
 Fancying, as in their way, without him  
 Bathyllus danc'd with less effect.  
 The manager, in their respect,  
 Soon as the motion he could bear,  
 Did all he could he should appear.  
 Of his arrival news was spread,  
 Some there that they had seen him said,  
 And others swore the man was dead. }  
 In the first scene this verse occur'd,  
 (Which Prince before had never heard) }  
*O happy Rome thy Prince restor'd!* }  
 And was receiv'd with much applause.  
 Imagining himself the cause,

Poor Prince gets up, and smiling round,  
Bows humbly to the very ground ;  
Some wits to smoke the jest began,  
And saw the folly of the man.  
Laughing, the passage they encore,  
And clap much louder than before.  
The Piper all for serious takes,  
A thousand grateful curvets makes,  
And thinks at least he shall be crown'd.  
Now all the house the jest had found.  
With leg in bandage white and new,  
White tunic and white breeches too,  
Believing all for his intent,  
The flattery for Augustus meant,  
Poor Prince, exulting more and more,  
Is hustled headlong out of door.

---

## FABLE VIII.

## OPPORTUNITY DESCRIBED.

WITH sand perpetually that flows,  
And ample scythe that all things mows,

One lock before and bald behind,  
Is Time. When opposite you find,  
Seize him in front. Jove ruling all,  
Occasion past can ne'er recall.

Thus did the ancients Time display,  
To warn the danger of delay.

---

## FABLE IX.

## THE BULL AND THE CALF.

A BULL within a narrow lane,  
Striving his way by force to gain,  
A Calf would teach him how to turn.  
"Fool, I knew that e'er thou wert born,"  
The Bull replied. Let this suffice,  
Who wiser than themselves advise.

## FABLE X.

## THE SPORTSMAN AND THE OLD HOUND.

A DOG renown'd in many a chase,  
Long foremost in his master's grace,  
Began through age his strength to lose.  
One morning he a boar pursues  
And catches ; but his teeth, grown old,  
The vigorous savage could not hold.  
The Master storms. " Sir," says the Hound,  
" If bad my teeth, my heart is sound.  
Your wrath, I now can do no more,  
Marks what you thought of me before."

Philetas ! thou too well wilt see,  
Why I address this tale to thee.

# APPENDIX.

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TRANSCRIBED

FROM AN

*ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT*

BY

MARQUARDUS GUDIUS.





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## FABLE I.

## THE SICK KITE.

A KITE, long sick and like to die,  
Begg'd of his mother to apply  
With offerings at a neighbouring fane,  
And prayers that health he might regain.  
I will, says she ; though much I fear  
Little can be expected there,  
From Gods their shrines so oft who see  
Defrauded and defil'd by thee.

---

## FABLE II.

## THE HARES WEARY OF LIFE.

THOSE who are ready to despair,  
May from example learn to bear.

The Hares as in their forms they lay,  
Some noise alarm'd : with dire dismay,

Weary to live in constant dread,  
They think it better to be dead ;  
And to a neighbouring lake repair,  
To end at once their terrors there.  
The frogs leap trembling from the side,  
In the green pool their heads to hide.  
“ These,” says a Hare, “ fear more than we ;  
Come, then, as patient let us be.”

---

## FABLE III.

## JUPITER AND THE CAT.

WHAT vile is form'd, will vile remain.

The fairest of the purring train,  
Her master's love had so much gain'd,  
That he from Jupiter obtain'd  
To make her woman and his wife.  
When mindful of her former life,  
Jove saw her leave the bridal bed,  
To catch a mouse, he laughing said :  
“ Forms we may alter as we will,  
But Nature will be Nature still.”

## FABLE IV.

## THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

THE following fable may advise  
Never inferiors to despise,  
Or harm the weak.

Some Mice at play,  
Where once a slumb'ring Lion lay,  
A young one, giddier than the rest,  
Leapt on and wak'd the royal beast.  
Caught in his paws, she grace implor'd.  
Leo forgave her, and restor'd  
To liberty. Ere many days  
The woodlands as by night he strays,  
Caught in a toil, the hills around  
Rebellow with his roar; the sound  
Soon draws the grateful Mouse, who said  
" Fear nothing, Sir, I bring you aid,  
" For kindness past : " and with these words,  
She set to work to gnaw the cords  
That bound the toil, and persever'd  
Till Leo was from durance clear'd.

## FABLE V.

## THE WOODMAN AND THE TREES.

WHAT the ill-minded ask, refuse ;  
Who gifts against the giver use.

One from the Trees begg'd leave to take  
A piece of solid wood, to make  
A handle for his axe ; they granted  
As much of yew-tree as he wanted.  
The axe repair'd, its strokes resound ;  
Pine, Ash, and Poplar fall around.  
“ Misfortunes felt,” says Oak to Beech,  
“ When 'tis too late, discretion teach.”

## EPILOGUE.

*THE TRANSLATOR TO THE AUTHOR.*

## PHEDRUS AND THE OWL.

PHEDRUS, who did not ill discern  
Mankind, as from his tales we learn,  
Seems little profit to have gain'd,  
When he of common ills complain'd,  
Of petty rivalships and spite ;  
That curs should snarl and mastiffs bite,  
When twenty of his fables show,  
That it for ever has been so.  
His animals might say, " you teach,  
But do you practise what you preach ?  
Is not the Fabulist afraid  
Of him a fable will be made ?  
A jealous author might be painted,  
With follies that he laughs at, tainted ;  
Who, peevish, petulant, and vain,  
His own intemp'rance can't restrain."  
An irritable race ye are,  
Ready to wage eternal war.  
Fight and dispute then, since you must,  
But never to the public trust

Your little paltry altercations,  
 As if they were the wars of nations ;  
 When not a reader cares a sou,  
 For your antagonist or you.  
 From this, it piteous is to see  
 The greatest writers are not free.

Let us suppose our Fabulist  
 Thus by a rev'rend Owl address'd,  
 (Nor is the notion so absurd,  
 The Owl is Wisdom's favourite bird.)  
 " Since at your will you make us know,  
 Whatever you are pleas'd to show,  
 It cannot waken your surprise  
 To hear an Owl philosophize.

You lend us vices of your own,  
 To us in all our kinds unknown.  
 As first from nature's hand we came,  
 Our manners have remain'd the same,  
 Observant of her simple law,  
 From that we all our feelings draw ;  
 Our appetites when satisfied,  
 We know nor anger, hate, or pride ;  
 Nor avarice nor ambition feel,  
 Nor envy at another's weal.  
 And if sometimes in following these,  
 Others may suffer injuries,

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This is from nature's dispensation,  
Not from our vicious inclination.  
And wiser, we are happier too,  
Nor forge unreal ills like you.  
Reckless of future and of past,  
To use the present hour we haste:  
If good, we taste the pleasure pure;  
If bad, we patiently endure.  
He surely wrongs us, who ascribes  
To the brute creatures' simple tribes,  
Factitious passions, that are bred  
In wayward man's half-reasoning head.  
A crow, whenever did you see,  
Susceptible of flattery?  
A jackdaw with ambition curs'd,  
Or harmless frog with envy burst?  
Or when an emmet or a fly  
Quarrel about precedence?  
A cat with calumnies and lies  
An eagle or a hog surprise?  
A wolf or dog false witness give,  
Or hound by avarice cease to live?  
A hungry lion sickness feign,  
Or goats of their wives' beards complain?  
Not man from wolf and fox you take,  
But wolf and fox like men you make.  
To you at first benignant heav'n  
The same simplicity had given.



Till by suggestion of the devil  
You pluck'd the tree of good and evil.  
From foresight half your miseries flow,  
The present 'tis enough to know.  
Fear deadens every present charm,  
And hope is wedded to alarm.  
Thus you, I know, define your nature,  
"Man is a reasonable creature."  
A reasonable creature, thee !  
Not all my Owlish gravity  
Can such a ridicule resist.  
In what does reason then consist,  
But to pursue our being's end ?  
To that our every act should tend.  
Of reason *we* possess the use ;  
What more *you* have is its abuse.  
What are your wars and devastations,  
Your deadly feuds and litigations,  
Your cheating trades and jealousies,  
And superstitions worse than these,  
Your lawyers, soldiers, priests, physicians,  
Bumbailiffs, hangmen, politicians,  
And all the never-ending list  
On vice and folly who exist ?  
If since your social forms began,  
Such are the attributes of man ;  
By laws and morals unrestrain'd,  
Since wolves and bears have still maintain'd

Society, nor wars have known ;  
The preference you must surely own.  
To you be arts and eloquence,  
Freedom to us and natural sense."—

The Owl perhaps had preach'd till now,  
But sleep descended on his brow.

END OF PHEDRUS.

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# **FABLES**

**IMITATED FROM AVIENUS.**



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## FABLE I.

## THE WOLF AND THE MOTHER.

FROM a lone house, a Wolf on prey  
O'erheard an angry Mother say,  
" I'll give you, brat, since thus you cry,  
To the next Wolf that passes by."  
The simple beast an hour or more  
Waited with patience at the door,  
Expecting on a child to sup.  
At last he heard her take it up,  
And with a thousand kisses say,  
" Now if the Wolf should come this way,  
We'll cut his head off in a trice."

This fable serves to give advice  
To those who profit hope to prove  
From the short jealousies of love.

## FABLE II.

## THE CRAB AND HER DAUGHTER.

NOT what they hear but what they see,  
Will children and domestics be.

A Crab one day her Daughter chid ;  
“ You never do as you are bid,  
Have I not told you o’er and o’er,  
That awkward gait to use no more ?  
Learn, ninny, once for all, to know,  
Folks forward and not backward go.”  
“ Mama,” says Miss, “ how strange you talk !  
Have I not learnt from you to walk ?  
Were I to move the other way,  
How could I follow you, I pray ?”

## FABLE III.

## THE SUN 'AND THE WIND.

PHEBUS and Boreas from on high  
Upon the road a Horseman spy,  
Wearing a cloak for fear of rain.  
Says Boreas, "his precaution's vain  
Gainst me, I'll shew you for a joke  
How soon I'll make him quit his cloak."  
'Come on,' says Phebus, "let us see  
Who best succeeds, or you or me."  
The Wind to blow so fierce began,  
He almost had unhors'd his man ;  
But still the cloak, for all his roar,  
Was wrapp'd more closely than before.  
When Boreas what he could had done,  
"Now for my trial," says the Sun,  
And with his beams so warm'd the air,  
The Man his mantle could not bear,  
But open'd first, then threw aside.

Learn hence, unbending sons of pride,  
Persuasive manners will prevail,  
When menaces and bluster fail.



## FABLE IV.

## THE HUNTERS AND THE BEAR.

Two Game-keepers a Bear had found,  
That harbour'd in a neighbouring ground.  
Sure of the prize, ere they begin,  
They strike a bargain for the skin.  
Next morn they start by break of day,  
And meet Sir Bruin on the way ;  
Who far from flying, as they thought,  
Advances on a nimble trot.  
Quaking with fear, one mounts a tree ;  
One falls, and lifeless seem'd to be ;  
As he had often heard it said,  
Bears will not feed upon the dead.  
Bruin approaches ; with his snout  
The body scents and turns about ;  
And judging him a corpse at last,  
He growling to the forest past.  
The other then descends : " All's well,  
Thank heaven," he cries, " but prithee tell,  
What was it, comrade, that the Bear  
Whisper'd so closely in thy ear ?"  
—" Never to sell the skin again,  
Till we the animal have slain."

## FABLE V.

## THE BOY AND THE THIEF.

A BOY, betimes in knavery tried,  
Was seated by a draw-well side.  
Seeing a noted Robber nigh,  
He wept with many a sob and sigh.  
"What now my lad!" the Robber cries;  
"Ah, Sir," the little rogue replies,  
"A silver cup I came to fill,  
By chance has fall'n into the well."  
"Come," says the Thief, "thy sorrows dry;  
To find the tankard we will try."  
Undress'd, he in the well descends;  
The Pickpocket had now his ends,  
And when the Thief came up again  
For Lad and clothes he look'd in vain.

When rogues and thieves each other spoil,  
The honest folk may fairly smile.

## FABLE VI.

## THE TWO POTS.

FORC'D on a stream to make their way,  
To Pot of brass says Pot of clay :  
" Since brass is stout and clay is frail,  
Pray let us at a distance sail.  
Not your intention that I fear  
Sir Brass," adds humble Earthen-ware,  
" While the winds leave you to yourself ;  
But woe betide my ribs of delf,  
If it should dash our sides together ;  
For mine would be the damage, whether  
Their force should you or me impel :  
So pray proceed, and fare you well."

Learn hence, ye folks of low estate,  
To keep due distance from the great.

## FABLE VII.

## THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES.

THOSE who rely on others' aid,  
Will often find their hopes betray'd.

A Lark, her young unfit to fly,  
Alarm'd to see the harvest nigh,  
Ere she went forth to seek their food,  
Thus catechis'd her callow brood :  
" To-day who comes, with watchful care  
Observe, nor lose a word you hear."  
At night the nest with frightened mien,  
Tell how the master they had seen ;  
" This corn admits of no delay,  
'Tis ripe," he said, " so go this day  
My son, without returning home,  
At sun-rise bid our neighbours come."—  
" If this be all," the Mother said,  
As yet we nothing have to dread ;  
But be attentive as before."  
At night again they cry, " all's o'er !  
The neighbours fail'd, but friends and cousins  
To-morrow they expect by dozens."  
" 'Tis well," the cunning Lark replied,  
" Another day we may abide

In safety ; but still watchful be,  
 And all you hear report to me."  
 " The men," they say, " have been again,  
 And are determin'd to begin  
 Themselves." The Mother cries, " Ho ! ho !  
 If that's the case 'tis time to go.  
 Repose, and be prepar'd for flight  
 To-morrow ere the dawn of light."



### FABLE VIII.

#### THE SATYR AND THE TRAVELLER.

SATYRS and Fauns the poets feign'd  
 In woods and forests that remain'd,  
 Of rustic manners, plain and true,  
 The wiles of men who little knew.

A Traveller having lost his way,  
 Met one of those one winter's day ;  
 A hearty welcome to his cave,  
 The hospitable Satyr gave ;  
 The Traveller, half froze to death,  
 Blew on his fingers with his breath.

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“ Why do you so ?” the Sylvan cried,  
“ To warm my hands,” the man replied.  
Then near a fire his guest he seated,  
And soon some rustic porridge heated.  
In haste, and not to scald his mouth,  
The hungry Traveller blew the broth.  
“ Why blow you now ?” the Satyr cries,  
“ To cool the soup,” the man replies.  
“ How !” says the Sylvan, “ cold and hot ?  
Why what a knave we here have got !  
Begone ; no intercourse I hold  
With him that blows both hot and cold.”



## FABLE IX.

## THE MAN AND THE GOOSE.

HE who on sordid gain is bent,  
Oft disappoints his own intent.

A man possess'd a wond'rous Goose,  
That of pure gold did eggs produce.  
At once in riches to abound,  
He cut her up and nothing found.

## FABLE X.

## THE TRUMPETER TAKEN PRISONER.

A TRUMPETER, in battle ta'en,  
Pleading for quarter, urg'd in vain,  
That none he ever kill'd or wounded.  
His plea by all was judg'd unfounded :  
—" That he who to the war excites  
Is more to blame than he who fights ;  
That like the rest must be his lot"—  
And the poor Trumpeter was shot.

---

## FABLE XI.

## HERCULES AND THE CARTER.

HIS cart bemir'd, a Carter pray'd  
To Hercules to come and aid.  
" Up !" says the God, " thou lazy dog,  
And lift the axle from the bog ;  
Think'st thou Gods nothing have to do  
But listen to such knaves as you ?"

## FABLE XII.

## THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

FROM a wise Emmet, well sustain'd  
On what her industry had gain'd,  
A Grasshopper some aid desir'd.  
"What was his trade?" the Ant inquir'd.  
"I've none," the Grasshopper replied;  
I range the country far and wide,  
Singing all day from door to door,  
And have no time to form a store."  
Shutting her granaries, says the Ant,  
"No wonder, friend, you are in want;  
He who all summer sings, may chance  
In winter to be forc'd to dance."

To spend his time in idle song,  
The thoughtless Grasshopper was wrong;  
And not to give a small supply,  
The Emmet mean and niggardly.



## FABLE XIII.

## THE BALD KNIGHT.

A CERTAIN Knight, depriv'd of hairs,  
The loss with periwig repairs.  
A gust of wind, one stormy day,  
Blew hat and periwig away.  
The people laught, his pate to see,  
And none more heartily than he ;  
“ Since my own hair I lost,” he said,  
“ That borrow'd from another's head,  
Was never likely to remain.”

Better to laugh than to complain,  
Of what to attempt a cure were vain.

}

## FABLE XIV.

## THE LION AND THE MAN.

LION and Man, on some pretence,  
Disputed for pre-eminence.  
In marble wrought, the latter show'd  
A man who o'er a lion strode.  
" If that be all," the beast replied,  
" A lion on a man astride,  
You soon assuredly would view,  
The sculptor's art if lions knew."

Each nation would the rest excel,  
If their own tale allow'd to tell.

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## FABLE XV.

## THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

THE rogue is doubly vile who plies  
His trade in honesty's disguise.

A Wolf a straggling Wether slew,  
And round himself the sheep-skin threw.  
As thus he near the sheep-fold hover'd,  
He by the shepherd was discover'd ;  
Who knew him wolf not sheep to be,  
And caught and hang'd him on a tree.

---

## FABLE XVI.

## THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.

PATIENCE and ingenuity  
The want of natural means supply.

A thirsty Crow some water found,  
But in a vessel so profound,  
That with her neck at utmost stretch,  
A single drop she could not reach.  
Then stones she in the pitcher places,  
Which to the top the water raises ;  
And by this innocent device  
Her thirst at leisure satisfies.

## FABLE XVII.

## THE LION AND THE BULLS.

THIS tale a double moral bears :  
'Gainst calumny to shut our ears ;  
And that on unity of friends  
Their common safety oft depends.

Four Bulls in friendly league agreed  
Together they would always feed ;  
With rage a hungry Lion saw  
They were too powerful for his paw,  
And sent out mischief-making spies,  
Well vers'd in calumnies and lies.  
The simple beasts they circumvent ;  
Sow jealousy and discontent ;  
Till lost affection ends in hate,  
And by consent they separate.  
The Lion now his ends had gain'd,  
And easily his prey obtain'd.

## FABLE XVIII.

## THE ANGLER AND THE LITTLE FISH.

AN Angler a small Salmon caught,  
Who with much earnestness besought  
That he would let her go : says she,  
“ What can you do with such as me !  
Next year when grown a little bigger,  
I in your bag might make a figure.”  
The prudent man replied, “ No, no ;  
Into my pouch, though small, you go.  
A bird in hand is better far,  
Than two that in the bushes are.”

---

## FABLE XIX.

## THE FROG AND THE FOX.

LET us our own defects amend,  
Ere to guide others we pretend.

A sallow, wrinkl'd, spotted Frog,  
To turn physician left the bog.  
“ He every malady could cure,”  
He said, “ that animals endure.”  
“ First on yourself your science shew,”  
Says Reynard : “ That the world may know  
Your skill and knowledge, pray begin  
Of those foul spots to clear your skin ;  
For while you look so sick and pale,  
To vend your drugs you'll ne'er prevail.”

---

## FABLE XX.

## THE WOLF AND THE KID.

NOT to be taken by surprise,  
Youths ! mark the counsels of the wise.

A Goat oblig'd to go from home,  
Says to her Kid, “ whoe'er shall come  
While I am out, be sure you mind  
That no one here admittance find.”  
A hungry Wolf marauding near,  
The order chanc'd to overhear ;

Feigning the mother's voice, says he,  
" Open the door, my love, 'tis me !"  
The Kid through a small chink replies,  
" You cheat my ears but not my eyes,  
The voice my mother's seem'd to be,  
But 'tis an ugly Wolf I see."

---

### FABLE XXI.

#### THE LION AND THE GOATS.

PREFER a safe and humble lot  
To luxuries by danger got.

A Lion seeing from below  
Goats feeding on a craggy brow,  
" Come down," he says, " you here will find  
Grass of a much superior kind."  
We thank you for your royal care,"  
Says one, " but here we better are ;  
The pasture if not quite so good,  
In safety we can crop our food."

## FABLE XXII.

## THE APE AND HER YOUNG ONES.

AN Ape had Cubs ; one much she lov'd,  
The other small affection prov'd.  
Alarm'd, she hears the hunter's cries ;  
And catching up her darling, flies :  
Through fear she stumbl'd o'er some stones  
And broke the little favourite's bones ;  
The other to her back who clung,  
Uninjur'd went with her along.

Mothers, beware ! the fondl'd child  
By too much tenderness is spoil'd ;  
While those who hardships have endur'd,  
To suffer life are best enur'd.



## FABLE XXIII.

## THE ENVIOUS MAN AND THE MISER.

AN Envious Man and Miser strove  
By prayers to gain a boon from Jove.  
Jove in his wrath their wishes granted :  
“ One should obtain what most he wanted,  
And the same blessing should,” he said,  
“ Be doubled on the other’s head.”  
The Miser, from himself who reckon’d,  
Waited in hopes to be the second.  
The Envious wretch with venom fraught,  
Then ask’d to have one eye put out ;  
“ One will,” he says, “ remain behind,  
And with it I shall see him blind.”

Envy, avaunt ! thy native hell  
Harbours no fiend more fierce and fell.

## FABLE XXIV.

## THE FIR TREE AND THE THORN.

THE lowly and contented state  
Is farthest from the wounds of fate.

A Fir upon a humble Thorn  
From his high top look'd down with scorn.  
"For loftiest fanes we grow," she said,  
"Of us the tallest masts are made,  
While thou, poor Bramble, canst produce  
Nothing of ornament or use."  
"Great tree," the modest Thorn replied,  
"When the sharp axe shall pierce your side,  
In vain you then may wish to be  
Unsought-for, and unknown like me."

## FABLE XXV.

## THE CAMEL.

THE restless discontented mind  
Change for the worse will often find.

A Camel begg'd of Jove that he  
One of the horned tribe might be;  
Who, to reward his foolish prayers,  
Decreed that he should lose his ears.

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## FABLE XXVI.

## THE FOX AND THE LEOPARD.

VAIN of his variegated hide,  
Thus did a Pard a Fox deride :  
“ Thy brush and fur of dirty red  
Are frightful, honest friend,” she said,  
“ I wonder you can bear to see  
Yourself, when plac'd by side of me !”

" I little heed how looks my skin,"  
Replied the Fox, " so that within,  
You when occasion comes, shall find  
How much superior is my mind."

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X FABLE XXVII.

THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN.

FOOLS may on other fools impose ;  
The sage their real value knows.

An Ass once found a lion's skin ;  
And rolling up himself therein,  
From every fold that he came nigh,  
Made flocks, and herds, and shepherds fly.  
Ranging the country round, at last  
He meets his master where he past,  
Who Long-ears instantly descries  
Through his magnificent disguise :  
Laying his cudgel on his side,  
" Get home thou stupid fool," he cried :  
" With others for a Lion pass ;  
I know thee for an arrant Ass."

## FABLE XXVIII.

## THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

A MASTIFF in a stable lay,  
Couch'd on a manger full of hay.  
When any thing drew near to eat,  
He quickly forc'd it to retreat.  
An Ox then cried, "detested creature,  
How vile is thy malignant nature,  
Which will not others let enjoy  
That which thou never canst employ!"

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## FABLE XXIX.

## THE PEACOCK AND THE CRANE.

SHUN vanity ; the brave and wise  
Show and appearances despise.

Spreading his moons, a Peacock ey'd  
A Crane with supercilious pride.

**F**ine are your feathers," says the Crane,  
" But fixt to earth you still remain,  
**W**hile, borne aloft, I wing my way  
**T**hrough regions of ethereal day."



# **FABLES**

**FROM THE**

**GREEK AND LATIN,**

**ATTRIBUTED TO**

**ÆSOP.**





## PROLOGUE.

## FICTION AND TRUTH.

TRUTH, on a public road, one day  
By chance met Fiction in her way.  
She wish'd in silence to pass on ;  
But Fiction stopt and thus began :

“ So rarely, Madam, you appear,  
One scarcely sees you once a-year ;  
E'en your few votaries who remain,  
That you conceal yourself complain ;  
Since soon again we may not meet,  
I will a word or two entreat :  
They tell me, much to my surprise,  
You deign to put on my disguise ;  
By stealth, admittance to obtain,  
Where I a welcome entrance gain ;  
And there my sportive fables vend,  
Adapted to your personal end.  
That thus you venture to deceive,  
Is what I hardly can believe.”—  
“ Your accusation,” Truth replied,  
“ I do not wish to be denied ;  
Fables and tales, you must agree,  
Belong alike to you and me ;

From you their beauty they receive ;  
And I their weight and value give.  
If in your language I relate,  
Me 'tis your boast to imitate ;  
'Gainst Falsehood we should both combine,  
As much your enemy as mine."

Esop who by the way was set,  
(It was in Phrygia where they met),  
Feeding his sheep, heard all they said ;  
Turning the subject in his head,  
He of Truth's dictates made his use,  
The following fables to produce.

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### FABLE I.

#### THE CITY MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

A TOWN-BRED Mouse once went to see  
A cousin in his hollow tree :  
The honest rustic did his best  
To entertain his courtly guest ;  
And all his larder could afford  
Was spread at once upon the board :

Bacon, and nuts, and cheese presented,  
Himself with scraps and husks contented..  
Fastidious of the homely feast,  
The stranger scarcely deign'd to taste ;  
The dinner done ; " I swear," he cries,  
" It moves extremely my surprise,  
Out of the world you thus should live ;  
What pleasures can a desert give ?  
Believe me ; come along with me,  
A different scene you soon will see.  
Life, life, my friend is but a day,  
Let us enjoy it while we may !"   
The flatter'd host the offer takes,  
And his old residence forsakes ;  
Gaily to town they make their way,  
And safe arrive by break of day ;  
Enter a palace, where they meet  
The remnants of a splendid treat ;  
A Persian carpet spread the ground,  
And gilded chairs were plac'd around ;  
In one of them the rustic seated,  
Was by his civil cousin treated  
To every dainty on the table ;  
And stuff'd as long as he was able.  
Pleas'd while he sat in velvet state,  
Revolving on his alter'd fate,  
Sudden he hears approaching cries ;  
And the wide portal open flies :

A crowd promiscuous rushing in  
Of men and dogs, with horrid din.  
Half dead with fear, the trembling pair  
Distracted scuttle here and there ;  
When luckily escap'd at last,  
The rustic saw the danger past :  
“ 'Tis true,” says he, “ you make good cheer,  
But, troth, you pay it devilish dear.  
Farewell ; and may you happy be !  
To-night I seek my hollow tree.”

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## FABLE II.

### THE MOUSE AND THE WEASEL.

A HUNGRY Mouse, so very thin,  
His bones stood staring through the skin,  
By a small cranny forc'd his way  
Into a meal-tub : night and day  
He fed on the delicious meat.  
Grown fat he wanted to retreat,  
But found the hole too small by half ;  
His efforts made a Weasel laugh :

"No, no," he says, "it will not do ;  
As lean thou cam'st, thou lean must go."

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## FABLE III.

## THE SICK LION.

THE provident will oft escape  
When folly falls into the scrape.

With age his vigour worn away,  
When Leo could not hunt his prey,  
Who long had o'er the forest reign'd,  
In policy he sickness feign'd ;  
And gave it out he was at home  
To all the beasts who chose to come.  
The Fox invited by a friend  
The royal levee to attend,  
Replied, " I would my court have paid  
But for a late remark I made ;  
The den's approach I see imprest  
With vestiges of many a beast ;  
But all the footsteps inward go,  
Nor outward points a single toe."

## FABLE IV.

## THE SHEEP AND THE WOLVES.

WHO trusts for safety to a foe,  
That he's a fool will shortly know.

Wolves against Sheep long war maintain'd;  
But finding little to be gain'd,  
While their stout dogs the flock defended,  
A friendly wish for peace pretended.  
The terms of amity were few :  
“ To give their dogs ; and take in lieu  
The little Wolves.” The sheep content,  
The mutual hostages are sent.  
The Wolfings howl, the parents hear,  
And for their young affecting fear,  
Into the fold unguarded break,  
And the whole flock their victims make.

## FABLE V.

## THE HEIFER AND THE YOKE OF OXEN.

TO on the ground to lie endure,  
falling lower sleep secure.  
fortune's minions, plac'd on high,  
recipice is ever nigh.

camper'd Heifer, fair and sleek,  
never had her food to seek,  
the knees in dewy grass,  
ok'd and lean two Oxen pass ;  
in the wantonness of pride,  
did their poverty deride ;—  
ruth, my friends, your rueful mien,  
ar, is piteous to be seen ;  
work, confinement, scanty fare !  
much for mortal Ox to bear.  
then, from yoke and labour free,  
e and liberty like me.”—  
or simpleton,” the Oxen said,  
for our work are hous'd and fed ;  
while we can our master serve,  
his interest to preserve ;  
ive our humble state alone,  
give attention to thy own ;



Thinks't thou thy good the master heeds?  
 Thee for his luxury he feeds.  
 This day, perhaps, thy useless life  
 Is destin'd to the butcher's knife :  
 To plough to-morrow passing by,  
 We o'er thy fate may breathe a sigh."

---

## FABLE VI.

### THE ANT AND THE DOVE.

WHO without interest serves another,  
 Return will meet one day or other.

A thirsty Ant approach'd to drink  
 Too near, and slipping from the brink,  
 Had perish'd, but a pitying Dove  
 Saw her misfortune from above;  
 And in the stream some foliage cast,  
 On which to land she safely past.  
 A hunter with a cross-bow came,  
 And markt the Stock-dove for his game.  
 The Ant, observant of her danger,  
 Flew in an instant on the stranger,

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And bit him, as he drew his bow,  
So sharply, that he miss'd his blow :  
And ere he shot again, the Dove  
Had sought the covert of the grove.

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## FABLE VII.

### THE STAG AND THE VINE.

A STAG pursu'd with horn and hound,  
In a thick Vineyard shelter found.  
Soon as he thought the danger past,  
He on a Vine began to feast.  
The Huntsman hears the rustling noise,  
And through half eaten leaves descries  
His branching horns, the pack recalls,  
And merited the creature falls  
To his ingratitude a prey.

Those their protectors who betray,  
Unpitying, all the world will see  
Consign'd to death and infamy.

## FABLE VIII.

## THE MISCHIEVOUS DOG.

TITLES and ribbands, bought with shame,  
Folly and vice but more proclaim.

A man who own'd a vicious Dog,  
Upon his collar fixt a log ;  
Which the vain cur suppos'd to be  
A note of worth and dignity.  
A Mastiff saw his foolish pride ;  
“ Puppy,” indignantly he cried,  
“ That thing is put about your neck  
Your mischievous designs to check ;  
And to who see you to declare,  
Of what a currish race you are.

## FABLE IX.

## THE PARTRIDGE AND THE FOWLS.

WE ne'er should discontented be  
With what the common lot we see.

A Partridge once was turn'd to feed  
With Pullets of a fighting breed ;  
And beat and buffeted by these,  
The stranger was but ill at ease.  
But when he saw them fight each other ;  
And brother pitted against brother ;  
He ceas'd to grieve : " I can't," says he,  
" Expect you shall be kind to me,  
When with yourselves you disagree." }



## FABLE X.

## THE TWO FROGS.

THEIR marsh dried up, two Frogs set out,  
For some fresh spring to look about ;

They come to a deep draw-well's side :  
" We here," says one, " may safe abide,  
From boys and cranes and fishes free,  
In plentiful security."  
" Halt," cries the other, " if you please ;  
'Tis true we can descend with ease,  
But if this spring the sun should drain,  
Pray how shall we get up again ?"

---

## FABLE XI.

## THE CAMELEON.

THINGS take such varied form and hue,  
And so imperfect is our view,  
It much behoves us, ere we dare  
Our neighbours in the wrong declare,  
First to be sure ourselves are right,  
Doubting our short and partial sight.

A man had a Cameleon seen.  
Their colour he maintain'd was green :  
Another vehemently said,  
Their skins were of a lively red :

To end the contest, they apply  
To a third Traveller passing by.  
"Sirs, you are neither of you right,"  
He cries, "the animal is white.  
The point to settle I will show  
You one I caught an hour ago :"  
The creature from a bag he drew,  
And, wondering, they behold it blue.

---

## FABLE XII.

## THE STATUARY AND MERCURY.

CONTRACTORS, Nabobs, all the set  
Who rich by others' losses get,  
Spite of their ill-acquired gold,  
The world in little honour hold.

The God of traffic and of thieving,  
Himself in much esteem believing,  
Seeing his statue in a shop,  
To ask the price of it would stop.  
But wishing not to have it known  
The winged figure was his own,

Conceal'd his sandals, and began  
Of other Gods to ask the man :  
Jove, Venus, Bacchus ; these when past,  
They came to Mercury at last ;—  
“ What does this cost ? ”—The man replies,  
“ This God so little do I prize,  
Of t'others if you purchase make,  
Him in the bargain you may take.”

---

## FABLE XIII.

## THE SICK MAN AND THE PHYSICIAN.

WOE to the land where those who guide,  
To please the people's foolish pride,  
Persuade them there is nought to dread,  
When ruin threatens o'er their head.

A patient, ask'd to tell his pains,  
Of thirst and shivering cold complains.  
“ 'Tis very good,” the Doctor said ;  
“ He has but to remain in bed,  
And take the med'cines I shall send,  
The thing will soon be at an end.”

When next the question was repeated,  
The man complain'd he much was heated ;  
" This," cried the Leech " is better still !"  
And thus to each increasing ill,  
" That it was going well," he cried,  
Till the poor martyr sunk and died.

---

## FABLE XIV.

## THE FROGS AND THE TORTOISE.

THE wise contentedly will bear  
Burthens that necessary are.

A Tortoise saw a nimble Frog,  
Swimming and leaping in a bog,  
And began nature to upbraid,  
Who him had so unwieldy made.  
But when he saw a water-snake,  
His meal upon a dozen make :  
" My rough impenetrable hide,  
Though ponderous, is secure," he cried.



## FABLE XV.

## THE CROW AND THE WOLF

REWARD nor favour they deserve,  
Who follow but themselves to serve.

A Crow o'er hill and dale all day  
Pursu'd a Wolf on quest for prey ;  
And when at last he caught a hare,  
Alighted the repast to share.  
" You must," she says, " no doubt have seen  
I long have your attendant been ;  
Companion of your noble toil,  
Permit me to partake the spoil."  
The Wolf refuses : " No," he said,  
My game, not I thy flight has led ;  
If I had met a stouter beast,  
And, slain, had serv'd him for a feast,  
With equal complaisance and glee,  
Thy crow thou would'st have stuff'd on me.

## FABLE XVI.

## JUPITER AND THE ASS.

**BETTER** the bad we know endure,  
Than seek in untried ills a cure.

An Ass with herbs to market sent,  
Like other asses discontent,  
Would change his lot ; and pray'd to Jove  
Him to the potter's to remove.  
But clay and bricks he heavier found,  
And to the tanner would be bound.  
Worse off in all things than before,  
Daring of Jove to ask no more :  
" This man must cause my death," he cried,  
And after all will tan my hide."

## FABLE XVII.

## THE FARMER AND THE STORK.

THE world of men will judgment give,  
From those with whom they're seen to live.

One who set nets to guard his pease,  
A stork had caught amongst some geese.  
“ Her life,” she said, “ he ought to spare,  
Who by mere accident was there ;  
No robber she.” “ It may be so,”  
Replied the man, “ for aught I know ;  
But whether 'twas design or fate  
Made you with thieves associate,  
I fear you must contented be  
To hang in their society.”

## FABLE XVIII.

## THE TWO BEES.

HE of enjoyment too profuse  
Will soon lament his time's abuse ;  
Condemn'd to pass the future day  
To sad satiety a prey.

Beneath a summer's noon, two Bees  
Honied the plants and flowers and trees.  
Sagacious and industrious one  
Took what he wanted and was gone ;  
The other, in pursuit of pleasure,  
Observing nor restraint nor measure.  
A vase with honey fill'd they see,  
Suspended from a blooming tree,  
To catch imprudent insects plac'd.  
The thoughtless Bee approach'd to taste ;  
His neighbour of the danger warn'd ;  
But he the wise remonstrance scorn'd,  
And plunging headlong in the sweets,  
The hapless insect ruin meets.

## FABLE XIX.

## THE BOYS AND THE FROGS.

To hurt the feelings still beware  
Of those who are oblig'd to bear.  
The blow is base and cowardly  
You know retorted dare not be.

Boys daily as they went to school  
Threw stones into a shallow pool.  
A Frog at length advanc'd his head  
And to the little Mischiefs said :  
“ Good lads, lay by your stones and slings,  
Your sport to us destruction brings ;  
Let us poor animals alone,  
No harm to you who e'er have done.”

## FABLE XX.

## THE OAK AND THE LILAC.

THUS to a gentle Lilac spoke  
With soften'd voice an ancient Oak :  
“ Fair neighbour, why in so much haste  
Your shoots to make ? Tho' winter's past,  
Spring is not come ; and if to-day  
Zephyr's soft breath about you play,  
The chilling blasts still power retain  
To nip your tender buds again ;  
Wait, gentle Lilac, till you see  
Come forth experienc'd trees, like me.”

Who listen to the first that woo,  
Their easy faith will often rue.

## FABLE XXI.

## THE HAWK AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

POOR Philomel, one luckless day,  
Fell in a hungry Falcon's way.  
"If he her life," she said, "would spare,  
He should have something choice and rare."  
"What's that?" quoth he; "A song," she says;  
"Melodious as Apollo's lays,  
That with delight all Nature hears."  
"A hungry belly has no ears;"  
Replied the Hawk, "I first must sup."  
And ate the little Syren up.

When strength and resolution fail,  
Talents and graces nought avail.

## FABLE XXII.

## THE WOLF AND THE KID.

COWARDS most insolent appear  
When sure they nothing have to fear.

A Kid, within a fold high wall'd,  
A Wolf thief, villain, rascal, call'd ;  
“ I heed not what thou say'st,” cried he,  
“ It is the wall that speaks, not thee.”

---

## FABLE XXIII.

## THE HERDSMAN AND THE LION.

How little erring mortals know,  
What they should wish for here below !

A Herdsman oft his cattle led  
Near a high wood ; as there they fed



A favourite heifer disappear'd,  
He from a little one had rear'd.  
Thickets and dells were beaten round,  
The straggler nowhere could be found.  
"Jove!" cries the Herdsman, "let me see  
The thief, and I this day to thee  
A fatted calf will sacrifice."  
The prayer no sooner said, he spies  
A Lion on his beast at prey.  
Stealing on tottering knees away,  
"O Jove," he says, "but save me now,  
And for the calf I'll give a cow."

---

## FABLE XXIV.

## THE THIEF AND HIS MOTHER.

HONEST or knavish men become,  
As children they are taught at home.

A Lad had taken from another  
A book, and brought it to his Mother,  
Who seeming more to praise than blame,  
Oft as he could he did the same.

From these to greater thefts he past,  
And taken, was condemn'd at last.  
When in the cart, amongst the crowd,  
He saw his Mother weeping loud;  
Begging to stop, and drawing near,  
As if to whisper in her ear,  
He bit it off; the people cried  
"Shame on the thief and parricide!"  
When thus he spoke—"She is the cause  
I fall a victim to the laws:  
When the first spelling-book I stole,  
A little ignorant at school,  
Had she chastis'd me for the fault,  
And principles of honour taught,  
An honest man I might have liv'd,  
And not this shameful death receiv'd."

---

## FABLE XXV.

THE FULLER AND THE COLLIER.

LET fitness guide your inclination:  
Suit your companions to your station.

A Collier offer'd to receive  
A Fuller, forc'd his house to leave :  
" Thank you, my friend ;" the Fuller said,  
" But what would happen to my trade,  
If what all morning I make white,  
Your coal-dust must make black at night ?"

---

## FABLE XXVI.

## THE FROGS AND THE MICE.

THE Mice and Frogs wag'd deadly war ;  
At last a brave and patriot pair  
To terminate a state so cruel,  
Offer'd to end it in a duel :  
And who could make the other yield,  
His country should possess the field.  
The lists prepar'd, the award of fate  
In solemn pomp the nations wait.  
The clarions sound, the knights advance,  
Helm to helm, and lance to lance.  
The mighty warfare from on high  
A hungry Falcon chanc'd to spy ;

**And pouncing down upon the prey,  
Bore both the combatants away.**

**When petty powers contend as foes,  
Their common safety they expose.**

---

### FABLE XXVII.

#### THE CROW AND THE PEACOCK.

**VALOUR and wisdom more import,  
Than the vain pageant of a court.**

The birds assembled in a ring  
With solemn state to choose a king,  
A Peacock's strut and starry tail,  
So much upon their sight prevail,  
From Goose to Wren the feather'd nation,  
Declare him king by acclamation.  
"Sir," says a wary Crow, "we see  
Your tail; now please your majesty  
Your talons and your beak to show,  
For 'tis by these, as well you know,  
We must be guarded from the foe."

## FABLE XXVIII.

## THE FARMER AND HIS SONS.

WORK, work, my boys, with hand and mind  
Your labours you will fruitful find.

A Husbandman, about to die,  
Call'd on his children to come nigh :  
“ I leave,” he says, “ a small estate,  
But wherewithal to make it great :  
For know, a treasure it contains,  
If you to search will take the pains.”  
He died. The Sons dug all the ground,  
And there no hidden treasure found ;  
But so productive was the soil,  
The crop by far o'erpaid the toil.  
Says one, when they their corn had sold,  
“ This treasure 'twas our Sire foretold !”

## FABLE XXIX.

## FORTUNE AND THE BOY.

THE improvident on fortune lay  
The price they for their folly pay.

Upon the margin of a well,  
Asleep a thoughtless Schoolboy fell  
So sound, that Fortune passing by  
Could scarcely wake him with her cry :  
“ For once I’ve sav’d thy life,” says she,  
“ Another time more prudent be.  
Your’s was the fault, had you fall’n in ;  
Yet mine the blame had surely been.”

---

## FABLE XXX.

## THE SWALLOW AND THE BIRDS.

THOSE who of guides stand most in need,  
Are least inclin’d advice to heed.

A travell'd Swallow, learn'd and wise,  
To all his feather'd neighbours cries :  
“ See you yon labourers there below ;  
What is it, think ye, that they sow ?  
'Tis hemp, my friends ; of which are made  
The nets that for us all are laid :  
The moment yonder men are gone,  
Then pick the seeds up one by one.”  
The gay inhabitants of air  
For his precaution little care.  
The seedling sprung ; again the swallow  
Urges his good advice to follow ;  
Again his counsel they deride.  
The plants full grown, and cut, and dried,  
Beaten and spun, the nets were made,  
And the unwary Birds betray'd,  
Regretting, in their hapless fate,  
Their incredulity too late.

Learn hence the danger to foresee,  
Nor wait for its maturity.

## FABLE XXXI.

## THE BOASTING TRAVELLER.

A FELLOW who abroad had been,  
Told marvels he had done and seen :  
“ When resident at Rhodes,” he said,  
“ A leap of twenty yards he made  
Over a barrier ten feet high ;  
A dozen witnesses were by.”  
“ Come on,” says one, who listening stood,  
“ Yon empty ditch and fence of wood  
Are not, by much, so high or wide ;  
Here let the experiment be tried.  
Suppose yourself at Rhodes, and we  
Your faithful witnesses will be.”  
The man replied, “ that he to-day  
Was not quite well,” and stole away.

Who boast of what they cannot do  
Both knavery and folly show.



## FABLE XXXII.

## THE TUNNY AND THE STURGEON.

WHEN falls the oppressor with the oppress'd,  
The wretch's wrongs seem half redress'd.

A Sturgeon from a Tunny fled,  
Who following with voracious speed,  
They both were cast upon the strand.  
As they lay gasping on the sand  
The Sturgeon says, " my fate I bear,  
Since the same lot I see thee share ;  
And thou who hadst design'd my death  
Art forc'd thyself to yield thy breath."

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## FABLE XXXIII.

## THE ASS CARRYING RELICS.

AN Ass some Relics bore along,  
Which, worshipp'd by the stupid throng,

He thought 'twas him they thus respected.  
With stately step and ears erected,  
As pleas'd he star'd about, the guide  
Drubb'd with a stick his dusty hide,  
Crying, " march idiot ! don't you see  
Thy load they kneel to, not to thee !"



## FABLE XXXIV.

## THE FOX AND THE TWO HOLES.

As suits their turn, men praise or blame :  
Minds change, but things remain the same.

A Fox by night with pain had crept  
Into a fold, where all things slept.  
At roosting turkeys, geese, and chicks,  
Through a small chink his lips he licks,  
And does his best to wriggle through,  
But all his efforts will not do.  
Enrag'd he can no entrance make,  
Small holes he bids the devil take.  
The guardian of the fold-yard wakes ;  
Barks loud ; the conscious robber quakes ;

Creeping along to find again  
The broken fence that let him in ;  
And as his way he hardly made,  
To Hermes he sincerely pray'd  
The hole no larger might become,  
And Sultan be retain'd at home.

---

## FABLE XXXV.

## THE APE AND THE FOX.

To little arts the poor pretence  
Passes with fools for wit and sense ;  
While men of better judgment see  
Their impotent futility.

King Lion dead without an heir,  
The forest-states to court repair  
To choose another in his stead.  
The crown was tried on many a head,  
But fitted none. At last an Ape  
Who, pliant, could take any shape,  
With fun and farcical grimace,  
Plac'd it upon his quizzing face,

And so delighted all the crowd,  
That they proclaim'd him king aloud.  
A Fox who had the choice deplor'd,  
Ask'd to the king to say a word.  
(The shallow Ape full well he knew :)  
" Since to your Majesty is due  
All *treasure trove* ; in duty bound,  
I must inform of one I found  
Hard by ; if you will come with me,  
A rich deposit you shall see."  
Thoughtless he went ; and in a gin  
Made prisoner, he with chattering din  
The Fox accus'd of traiterous lies.  
" 'Twas truth I told you," he replies :  
" The treasure you have found is this :  
To learn how much you judg'd amiss,  
When you suppos'd your empty pate  
Made to defend and guide a state."

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## FABLE XXXVI.

THE SOW AND THE WOLF.

PUT no reliance on a creature  
Of savage and deceitful nature.

A Sow had laid her new-born race  
Safe in a well-defended place.  
A Wolf, as nurse, an offer made  
The mother in the straw to aid.  
“ Thanks for your kindness,” says the Sow,  
“ Your help we do not need just now ;  
What most obliging you can do,  
Far from this quarter is to go.”

---

## FABLE XXXVII.

THE FOX, THE LION, AND THE ASS.

THOUGH treachery may serve the great ;  
The traitor they despise and hate.

A Fox who would for simple pass  
Made a companion of an Ass.  
As to the woods their way they made,  
A Lion started from the glade.  
Perceiving 'twas in vain to fly,  
His fears conceal'd, the Fox drew nigh.  
“ I knew you sometimes came this way,”  
He fawning says, “ and for your prey

Have brought yon Ass ; you'll find him good.

Can you accept such vulgar food ?”

“ The Ass may for my dinner do

Perhaps,” the Lion said, “ but you

Shall surely for my breakfast serve ;

This preference you well deserve.”



### FABLE XXXVIII.

#### THE OLD WOMAN AND HER MAIDS.

BETTER known evils to endure,  
Than seek by wrong a doubtful cure.

A thrifty Dame her Maids awoke  
At the first crowing of the cock.  
They of such early rising tir'd,  
To kill the harmless cock conspir'd.  
The Dame, to hear him crow in wait,  
Next morning lay in bed till eight.  
But when she knew the trick they had play'd,  
She caus'd a larum to be made,  
And rung it daily in their ears  
Two hours before the dawn appears.

## FABLE XXXIX.

## MERCURY AND THE WOODMAN.

A WOODMAN near a river sat,  
Mourning his axe, by luckless fate  
Fall'n in the stream ; just cause of sorrow,  
No work to-day, no bread to-morrow.  
Hermes appears in peasant's dress ;  
When told the cause of his distress,  
He dives and rises on the strand,  
With a gold hatchet in his hand.  
“ Is this your axe ?” The Man says “ No.”  
Again the God descends below,  
And bringing one of silver, cries,  
“ Then is it this ?” The Man denies.  
Once more he goes and brings the true ;  
“ Aye,” says the Woodman, “ this will do.  
This hatchet sure enough is mine,  
Better perhaps, if not so fine.”  
Hermes to him all three accords,  
And thus his honesty rewards.

A knave who had the story heard,  
Next day in the same place appear'd ;  
Mercury was present as before ;  
The knave the tale repeated o'er,

And when the golden hatchet came,  
To it immediately laid claim.  
“ Rascal,” says Hermes, “ get thee gone,  
Thou neither this, nor yet the one  
Thou threw’st into the stream, shalt have.”  
And punish’d thus the lying knave.

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## FABLE XL.

## INDUSTRY AND SLOTH.

INSIDIOUS Sloth her object gains,  
If but a hearing she obtains.

A youth ask’d why so long in bed ?  
“ I listen to a cause,” he said ;  
“ As soon as I uncloze my eyes.  
First Industry excites to rise.  
“ Up, up,” she says, “ to meet the sun,  
Your task of yesterday’s undone !”  
“ Lie still,” cries Sloth, “ it is not warm,  
An hour’s more sleep can do no harm ;  
You will have time your work to do,  
And leisure for amusement too.”



Much must be heard on either side,  
The question fairly to decide ;  
And e'er the long debate is o'er,  
Time and occasion are no more.



## FABLE XLI.

## THE WOODMAN AND DEATH.

A WOODMAN loaded for the town,  
With age and labour broken down,  
Upon the ground his burthen throws,  
And calls on Death to ease his woes,  
And all his cruel hardships end.  
Death comes : " Why call you me, my friend ?"  
He says, " Alas !" the man replied,  
" These faggots chanc'd to come untied ;  
Your aid I call'd for in my pain,  
To place them on my back again."

Men any miseries will endure  
Rather than seek from death a cure.

## FABLE XLII.

## THE LIONESS AND THE SOW.

THE wise will estimate the birth  
Not by its number, but its worth.

Of her nine farrow vain, a Sow  
Says to a Lioness, "allow  
That I some reason have to boast !  
You bring but one or two at most ;  
Far more prolific, as you see,  
A numerous offspring follow me."  
" If," she replies, " but one I bring,  
That one is born the forest's king,  
While thy base progeny are taken  
To furnish hinds with pork and bacon."

## FABLE XLIII.

## THE BIRDS, THE BEASTS, AND THE BAT.

THE Birds and Beasts at battle were.  
The Bat for neither would declare ;  
The amphibious creature first would see  
Which was victorious like to be.  
In the beginning of the fray,  
The Birds appear'd to gain the day ;  
His leathern pinions stretching wide,  
He flies upon the winged side.  
But fortune, with a sudden change,  
Now seeming with the Beasts to range,  
His dusky wings he hid with care,  
And would a quadruped appear.  
The Beasts, however, were defeated ;  
The Mouse-bird, as he could, retreated ;  
And ever since he flies by night,  
Asham'd to show himself in light.

## FABLE XLIV.

## THE HORSE AND THE WOLF.

Wise men, though treachery they despise,  
KnaveS do not easily surprise.

A Horse, as o'er a hedge he got,  
Had stuck a thorn into his foot.  
A Wolf desir'd the wound to see,  
Pretending skill in surgery.  
When to inspect it he drew near,  
The Horse, of his design aware,  
Gave him a kick upon the head,  
And laughing to his pasture fled.  
While disappointed of his prey,  
The would-be Doctor limpt away.

## FABLE XLV.

THE LION, THE TYGER, AND THE FOX.

A HUNGRY Tyger caught a fawn.  
A Lion passing o'er the lawn  
Resolves to rob him of his prey.  
Long and tremendous is the fray,  
Exerted on each hero's part,  
Courage and strength and warlike art.  
But mortal force at last must yield;  
They sink exhausted on the field,  
Unable to maintain the fight :  
A sorry Fox, who stood in sight,  
Approaching when they panting lay,  
Carries the well-fought prize away.

END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.

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H.M.









